

The Listener

Published every Wednesday by the British Broadcasting Corporation

Vol. XIII. No. 331

Wednesday, 15 May 1935

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	PSYCHOLOGY:	PAGE
THE KING TO HIS PEOPLE	815		The Power of Custom (Henry A. Mess)	831
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			RELIGION:	
Teaching Men to be Free (Lord Eustace Percy) ..	816		Church and King (Canon Anthony C. Deane) ..	842
As Others See Us (The Hon. Harold Nicolson) ..	817		THE CINEMA:	
Meet These Londoners! (J. C. Cannell)	819		Filming Plants and Animals—What the Amateur Can	
A Labour Exchange Jubilee (Sir William Beveridge)	821		Do (George H. Sewell)	845
Local Colour on the Danube (D. H. Loch, Clive			MICROPHONE MISCELLANY:	
Holland, V. D. Barker, D. J. Hall, Archibald Lyall			A Word of Cheer—Checking up Bird Movements	
and George Glasgow)	824		—War on the Squirrel—Spring Cleaning by Law	
THE LISTENER:			—Food for Growth—Gourds for the Garden ..	848
Charities	822		POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
Week by Week	822		W. W. Miller on Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Freedom	
ART:			—Eric Newton on The Artist and his Public—Mary	
Two Exhibitions of Scottish Painting (Douglas Percy			Barne on Jubilee Decorations—Fr. C. Lattey on	
Bliss)	829		Salvation Outside the Church—etc.	850
The American Half-hour—Artists of the Middle-			BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
West (Alistair Cooke)	844		Modern Poetry—English and American (Paul Engle	
RADIO NEWS-REEL	835		and Cecil Day Lewis)	852
THE KING'S SILVER JUBILEE:			The Listener's Book Chronicle	855
Jubilee Impressions	839		Poem (W. H. Auden)	834
The Dominions and the Jubilee (Rt. Hon. G. W.			SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES	x
Forbes and Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett)	841		THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD	xii

The King to His People

Broadcast from Buckingham Palace, May 6, 1935

AT the close of this memorable day I must speak to my people everywhere. Yet how can I express what is in my heart? As I passed this morning through cheering multitudes to and from St. Paul's Cathedral, as I thought there of all that these twenty-five years have brought to me and to my country and my Empire, how could I fail to be most deeply moved? Words cannot express my thoughts and feelings. I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depth of our hearts for all the loyalty and—may I say?—the love with which this day and always you have surrounded us. I dedicate myself anew to your service for the years that may still be given to me.

I look back on the past with thankfulness to God. My people and I have come through great trials and difficulties together. They are not over. In the midst of this day's rejoicing I grieve to think of the numbers of my people who are still without work. We owe to them, and not least to those who are suffering from any form of disablement, all the sympathy and help that we can give. I hope that during this Jubilee Year all who can will do their utmost to find them work and bring them hope.

Other anxieties may be in store. But I am persuaded that with God's help they may all be overcome, if we meet

them with confidence, courage, and unity. So I look forward to the future with faith and hope.

It is to the young that the future belongs. I trust that through the Fund inaugurated by my dear son the Prince of Wales to commemorate this year many of them throughout this country may be helped in body, mind, and character to become useful citizens.

To the children I would like to send a special message. Let me say this to each of them whom my words may reach: The King is speaking to *you*. I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up always keep this thought before you: and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind, and your heart.

I have been greatly touched by all the greetings which have come to me today from my Dominions and Colonies, from India, and from this Home Country. My heart goes out to all who may be listening to me now wherever you may be—here at home in town or village, or in some far-off corner of the Empire, or it may be on the high seas.

Let me end my words to you with those which Queen Victoria used after her Diamond Jubilee, thirty-eight years ago. No words could more truly or simply express my own deep feeling now: 'From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them'.

Freedom

Teaching Men to be Free

By the Rt. Hon. LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.

MY business is to talk about Freedom from the point of view of education. My trouble is that as I set out to do this I have an uncomfortable feeling. I feel I am going to be an intolerable prig.

Freedom is like air. It is necessary to human life. But imagine a bed-ridden man. He has to live in one stuffy room. I visit him and explain what a blessing the air is to him. His reply is: 'A blessing? Compare me with yourself who can walk where you will, on the mountain tops or in the valleys. It is you that enjoy the air, not me'. Can I be prig enough to reply: 'You do not know your blessings and you exaggerate mine. We both breathe about the same quantity of air every minute, and the air of the House of Commons is, if anything, worse than the air of your room. Be thankful you can breathe at all?' Would he not tell me to go to—the House of Commons?

Freedom in education is rather like that. The question is: how are we to train children in order that they may be free men and women? And the first answer, to my mind, is that parents must be free to entrust the education of their child to any teacher who they think can do him good. And the teacher must be free to teach the child as he thinks best. In other words, free choice of school for the parent; freedom of thought and action for the teacher. These are the principles which we recognise in this country. Our law requires only that every child between the ages of five and fourteen shall receive efficient instruction in reading, writing and arithmetic. Provided this minimum is satisfied, any man or woman can teach anything to any child in any school to which the child's parents may send him.

But more than nine-tenths of the parents of this country have, in practice, no choice but to send their children between these ages to the public elementary school. In rural districts, this usually means no choice of school at all; in towns it means at best a choice between one Council school and one Church school. And this choice is being narrowed as our educational system becomes better organised. How easily may these parents ask: 'What good is your pretty principle of freedom to me?' How difficult it is for me to reply: 'Look at Germany, and thank God on your knees for your freedom'.

And yet it is true. The very fact that we recognise the principle of free choice and free teaching affects the whole character of our schools. The parent may in practice be tied to one school, but for that very reason the teacher feels instinctively that he must adapt himself to the parent, and the local authority and the school managers feel instinctively that they must leave the teacher free to do so. I must not exaggerate. State schools, here as elsewhere, are always in danger of hardening into official machines. We have to be daily on our guard against this tendency, but we shall only be on guard against it if we realise the value of the freedom which, in spite of appearances, we do really enjoy.

My first conclusion, therefore, is that we should hesitate long before we limit in any way the freedom of any man (or woman) to earn a living by running a school and teaching in it according to his (or her) best judgment. Such freedom may seem to benefit the rich more than the poor, and therefore to accentuate inequality between social classes; but let us remember that when the German Republic tried to force all German children into the same primary school it prepared the way for Hitler.

But, of course, this is only the first step along the road of freedom in education. The vital question remains: how is any school to teach men to be free? There are, I think,

two answers. The school can, in some measure at least, teach a man to work for himself and to think for himself.

Work for himself? Again, this seems at first sight a mockery. In the modern world it seems to be the one thing that few men can hope to do. A century ago, in the early years of the industrial revolution, Samuel Smiles and others preached to the world the doctrine of self-help, but, in fact, the industrial revolution seems to have made it impossible for any man to help himself. In order that he may work at all, thousands of pounds of capital must be brought together, and the work of manufacture must be split up among large groups of men under the control of the owners of the capital. It does not matter much, for this purpose, who owns the capital; whether the State owns it or a joint-stock company, the fact remains that a man is dependent on his fellow-men and on his employer for the chance of earning his livelihood. And, in this respect, apart from one or two professions, like the law or medicine, the better-to-do members of the community are not much better off. The State servant, whether civil or military, is not much more independent; sometimes he is not much more secure in his employment, for navies and armies get axed. Commercial offices are hardly less highly organised than factories. In these circumstances, what use is it to talk of a man working for himself?

There is much truth in this objection, but there is also a good deal of unnecessary panic in it. We are by no means so completely slaves of the machine as we sometimes think. The schools have got far too much into the habit of thinking that the machine has made it impossible to do what that old revolutionary, Rousseau, recommended: that the teacher should give his pupils a working knowledge of the tools used in all trades. It is still possible, and it is worth while. It is more worth while than anything else in education. The most helpless of our unemployed today are the clerks who have had to leave their desks in commercial offices. It is not true that the man who can make things for himself and grow things for his own dinner-table is not more independent than his less skilled neighbour. He is far more independent in the use of his leisure, for a man's capacity to enjoy leisure depends on his capacity for creative work. And even in his opportunities for earning a livelihood he may be more independent, because he will be more adaptable. In our villages, for instance, in spite of motor transport, there is a more promising opening for the village craftsman than is sometimes realised. And the manufacturing industry of our country is not organised entirely in large units. On the contrary, England is still a country of quite small, even very small, factories. In the lighter industries the cheap transmission of electric power, the perfecting of machine tools, the cheap mass production of primary materials, and the development of central marketing agencies for the small producer, may well open new opportunities in the future for men to work together in smaller groups, and even to combine work in the small factory with work on their own smallholding of land. But, above all, even in a machine age, even in a mass-production factory, it is personality that counts; and we all know from experience that, nine times out of ten, the man who can do things has a stronger personality than the man who cannot. With this education through manual skill should go the physical training of a healthy body, in which we are so far behind other countries. Such training is the other great key to personality and self-reliance.

Perhaps the real secret of education for self-reliance lies in this maxim: that the school must not take the scholar out of the life around him. Its task is to give the life around the scholar meaning and power. Here, again, the

(Continued on page 840)

As Others See Us

How the English Appear to the Foreign Mind

By the Hon. HAROLD NICOLSON

IT may be quite salutary, at this time of justifiable self-satisfaction, if we pause for a moment and try to see ourselves as others see us. Such an examination may even suggest to us that if foreigners can indulge in such appalling misconceptions of the British character and of British policy, it is just possible that our own generalisations regarding France, Germany, and the United States may be equally fallacious. People are terribly apt to get other people wrong.

In order still further to restrict the area of my discussion I shall talk about England and the English only, since such a

place and such people do, in fact, exist. I shall not talk about Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland or the British Dominions

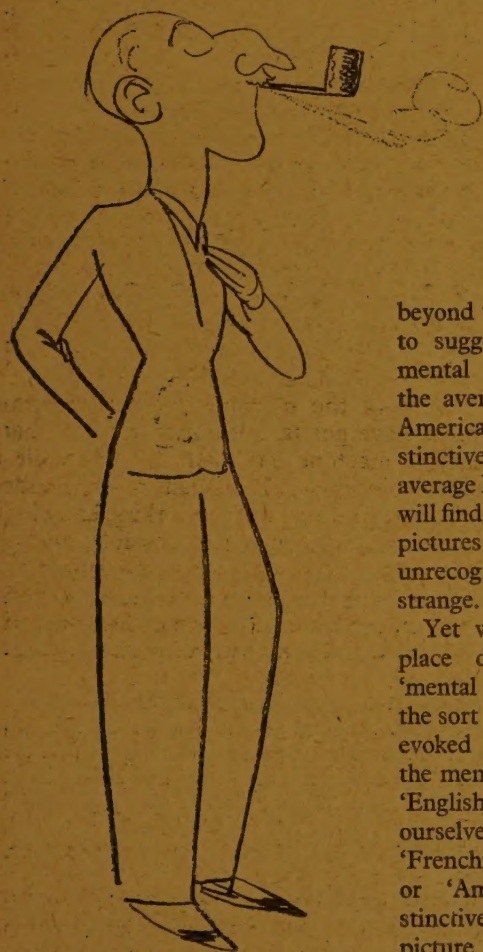
beyond the seas. I want to suggest to you the mental pictures which the average Frenchman, American or German instinctively draws of the average Englishman. You will find that these several pictures are conflicting, unrecognisable and very strange.

Yet what in the first place do I mean by 'mental picture'? I mean the sort of thought-shape evoked instinctively by the mention of the word 'Englishman'. When we ourselves hear the words 'Frenchman', 'German', or 'American', we instinctively form a mental picture which, though it may differ in details, is in the aggregate very much the same for most

that, I regret to say, of Strube's little man. I see a small, kindly, bewildered, modest, obstinate and very lovable little person armed with a bowler and an umbrella. Upon this first impression a more noble presentation imposes itself, and the contours of Strube's little man expand and strengthen into the firm, fine features of Mr. Stanley Baldwin. In some such outward semblance do I visualise the solidity, the good humour, the honesty, the inconsequence, and the indolence of our race.

Now when the average German thinks of the average Englishman he does not think of Mr. Baldwin in the very least. Still less does he think of Strube's little man. The mental picture which he forms is of someone rather like Mr. Jack Hulbert. He visualises a tall, spare man, immaculately dressed in top hat and frock coat, wearing spats and an eyeglass, and gripping a short but aggressive pipe in an enormous jaw. Within this distinguished and obtrusive figure there lurk, for the German, qualities and defects which we should find it difficult to recognise as our own. To the German mind this immaculate figure is inspired by bitter jealousy of all foreign countries, by diabolical cunning, by ruthless materialism disguised under a revolting wrapper of unctuous self-righteousness. To him, the average Englishman is a clever and unscrupulous hypocrite; a man who, with superhuman ingenuity and foresight, is able in some miraculous manner to be always on the winning side; a person whose incompetence in business and salesmanship is balanced by an uncanny and unfair mastery of diplomatic wiles; a cold-blooded, prescient, ruthless opportunist; a calculating and conceited egoist; a cad with occasional instincts for that strange indulgence for which they have no word in their own language, and which they designate by our own expression 'fair play'. Obviously there is a wide gulf between the German conception of an Englishman and Strube's little man.

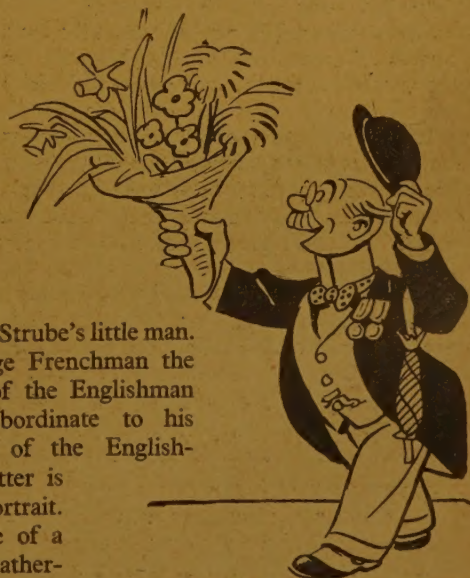
To the average Frenchman the mental picture of the Englishman is generally subordinate to his mental picture of the Englishwoman. The latter is not a flattering portrait. It is the picture of a thin, rather weather-beaten, extremely ill-dressed old maid, clad in sensible check garments, and threatening taxi-drivers with a green umbrella. The French portrait of the Englishman is superimposed upon this unwelcome image. It is the picture of an inelegant, stupid, arrogant and inarticulate person with an extremely red face. The French seem to mind our national complexion more than other nations. It gets on their nerves. They attribute it to the over-consumption of ill-cooked meat. They are apt, for this reason, to regard us as barbarian and gross. Only at one point does the French picture coincide with the German picture. The French share with the Germans a conviction of our hypocrisy. The



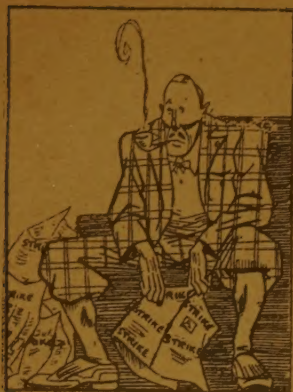
As the American sees the Englishman—
Specially drawn for 'The Landmark'
by H. M. Bateman

of us. The average Englishman, when he thinks of the average Frenchman, forms a mental picture of something short and dark and vivacious, dressed in black with dog-skin gloves. When he thinks of the average German he still, in spite of the new Germany, thinks of something bull-necked, beer-laden, wearing a green hat. When he thinks of the average American, he pictures a lank, slow-voiced man in horn-rimmed spectacles, chewing a cigar. I want to suggest to you the counterpart of these instinctive but fallacious images, and to describe the similar mental pictures which for the average American, German or Frenchman are evoked by the thought of the average Englishman.

Before, however, I start explaining my picture gallery, it would be well to sketch the portrait of the Englishman as we see him ourselves. It is what is called a composite portrait, perhaps it might even be called a dissolving view. When I myself hear the word 'Englishman', the instinctive portrait evoked is



—and as he looks to himself
Strube



As the Englishman looks to the Frenchman—

Le Rire

gancies; he considers them ridiculous; and thus, although he is frequently assured by his own politicians that the Englishman is, in fact, a cold-blooded imperialist who spends his time in jumping on the under-dog, he does not take these accusations very seriously. His mental picture of the Englishman, the amusement he derives from the English accent, the merriment aroused in him by the Oxford manner, do not permit him to take the Englishman very seriously. To him we appear as slightly comic figures. I am aware that, psychologically speaking, the laughter which we arouse in the American breast is mainly due to their own pathetic self-consciousness and to a wholly misplaced sense of cultural inferiority; but I am not discussing complexes, I am merely discussing immediate and instinctive reactions; and I think it fortunate that we should be such figures of fun to the average American, since otherwise the Englishman might easily become for the average American a source of dissatisfaction with himself; the presence of the spats and the eyeglass render him ridiculous and as such not deeply distasteful. It is true that since 1930 the average American has somewhat revised the contemptuous merriment with which he was wont formerly to regard us; Americans now feel—since they are above all a kindly and a generous race—that we have an element of good sense in our character which they wish they possessed themselves. The Americans are beginning to wonder whether we are all of us quite so stupid as we look. The French remain convinced that we are all of us far more stupid even than we appear. The Germans, in their pathetic inability to understand others, continue to believe that we are a race of brilliant and unscrupulous egoists.

Now surely it is very strange that such misconceptions should arise? Most of you would, I think, agree that the German, French and American pictures of the average Englishman are very unlike the original. Most of you would agree that we are modest, good-humoured, kindly, obstinate, unintellectual, decent people like Strube's little man. How comes it that our neighbours regard us as arrogant, conceited, calculating and hypocritical?

The answer is, I think, that foreign observers have generally failed to notice two very curious constituents in our national character. They have failed, in the first place, to observe that we are all extremely shy. The average Englishman is so afraid, so rightly afraid, of displaying his emotions, that he hides behind a screen of habit. This screen of habit, which the French call *morgue*, or *phlegme britannique*, is often mistaken for pride. The American is all too apt to suppose that an Englishman is being haughty or patronising when that Englishman is really only feeling a sort of schoolboy embarrassment. The Frenchman is apt to imagine that we are being stupid when we are really only feeling puzzled as to what to say next. And the German interprets our reserve as a deliberate mask for the most sinister intentions.

In the second place, no foreigner understands how bad we

sole difference is that whereas the Germans regard us as brilliant hypocrites, the French regard us as very stupid hypocrites. I shall refer again to this anomaly when I come to my conclusions.

To the average American, the average Englishman seems affected, patronising, humourless, impolite and funny. His mental picture is more akin to the German than to the French image. To him also the Englishman wears spats and carries an eye-glass; to him also he is slim and neatly dressed; yet the American, unlike the German, is not impressed by these ele-



—and as he looks to the Russian

Komsomolskaya Pravda

are at thinking things out in advance. No decent Englishman really likes making long-distance plans. We thus proceed inch by inch and day by day solely by the light of instinct; seeing that our instincts are always sound, our procedure, though wasteful and clumsy, is in the end successful: but we generally end up somewhere quite different from where we started. Now no foreigner can credit us with this absolute lack of pre-arranged purpose. They insist on believing that we actually meant to go to the place where we arrived, and they thus accuse us of having concealed our intentions and our destination in a most hypocritical manner. They will not believe that our actions and our ideas always proceed on different planes. Thus the French, who realise the idiocy of our ideas, think us fools; whereas the Germans, who are mainly impressed by the success of our actions, regard us as diabolically cunning. Whereas each of them is convinced that we are the most self-righteous hypocrites in the whole history of civilisation.

Yet you and I know that really we are not in the least like that. We know that we are patient and good-humoured and very modest, and the least jealous race on earth. We know that we are bewildered and muddle-headed and decent, just as Strube's little man. May it not be that we also have similar misconceptions regarding the average German, or Frenchman, or American? May we not also underestimate, for instance, the actual idealism of the German, the serious high-mindedness of the Frenchman, the amazing warm-heartedness of the American? I think that we also are guilty of such lack of appreciation. People, I repeat, are very apt to get other people wrong.

The New Highway Code

THE NEW HIGHWAY CODE has been drawn up with the idea that it should be read, if possible, in its general form, by all road users. I believe that every effort is going to be made to bring the contents of the Highway Code specially to the notice of schoolchildren. This is obviously a matter of first importance. It is probably hardly necessary for the average pedestrian to learn all the part of the Highway Code that refers exclusively to the driver of motor vehicles, though, of course, the ideal would probably be that every road user should be aware of all the clauses in the Code. I believe, however, it is the intention of the Ministry of Transport to bring the various sections of the Code that relate to pedestrians, cyclists, and drivers of horse-drawn vehicles specially, to the notice of those particular classes of road users.

So far as the driver of motor vehicles are concerned, there is a most important provision relating to the control of vehicles which asks the driver of the motor vehicle to remember that the faster he is travelling the smaller is the margin of safety if an emergency arises. Every motor driver should also pay careful attention to Clause 15 in the new Code which draws attention to erratic behaviour of certain classes of road users; also to Clause 28, which deals with overtaking.

With regard to cyclists, while many of the regulations which affect them are of importance, perhaps the most important is No. 66, which advises cyclists never to ride more than two abreast and not to ride between tram lines if they can avoid it.

No 90 is a most important provision to pedestrians; it asks them not to walk on the footpath in the same direction as the nearest stream of traffic; in other words, to keep to the left. Pedestrians should, I think, also pay most careful attention to No. 97, which asks them to make sure that nothing is coming before they step into the road. No. 98 also draws the attention of the pedestrian to the rule governing the controlled pedestrian crossings; in other words, the pedestrian is asked to conform to the movements of all other road users, by observing the light signals, or the signals of policemen.

With regard to the signals to be made by drivers, the principal alteration is a new signal to be given by the driver of motor vehicles who desire to turn to the left. The signal indicated is the one which is known by many as the 'stirring the pudding' signal.

I can only conclude by once again begging all classes and sections of road users to pay careful attention to this new Highway Code. Experts have suggested that about eighty per cent. of the accidents which take place could be avoided by the exercise of due care on the part of those concerned. Here is our chance to do something.

Learn and observe the provisions of the Highway Code.

EARL HOWE

Meet These Londoners!

By J. C. CANNELL

An impression of London from Trafalgar Square broadcast to the Empire

SOME people think that Piccadilly is the centre of London and of the Empire, but I have never thought so. . . Piccadilly is the heart of London's night-life, of its pleasure and gaiety, but Trafalgar Square has always been to me the real centre of London and all that London means. The statue of Eros in Piccadilly somehow

below lost his life in climbing a steeple in Brixton only three years ago.

Oh, here is a delightful surprise! It's Oildrum Joe, one of the quaint and eccentric characters of London. He's pushing a barrow full of flotsam and jetsam. They call him Oildrum Joe because he buys empty oil drums and makes a living out of

selling them—and other scraps of things. Joe cares nothing for traffic regulations or for the Belisha béacons. He is turning right into the Strand now, against all the traffic regulations. I can't see the surprise on the face of the 'bus driver, but I can imagine what it's like. He's probably looking very fierce, but Joe doesn't care two hoots about any regulations. Look, there he is, moving into the Strand again and holding up all the traffic. He's wearing his famous silk hat, black coat and striped trousers. They say he's a rich man, and he's got a secret, has Joe. His greatest friends are jockeys, and they tell me that he whispers into the ears of 'bus drivers the latest racing information. That might account a lot for their being so patient with him. But there's a policeman pulling him back, and Joe is pushing his barrow full of lumber and rubbish, and now the constable is pointing



Oildrum Joe, with his barrowful of lumber

Wide World

suggests wild and frivolous nights and university boat-race occasions, when young men are being, shall we say, a little bit foolish, though they have often striven to be proud of it afterwards. But this Square, the heart of the Empire, is far more interesting, mightily interesting, in fact.

Not many yards from where I am standing now, on the roof of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, is the statue of Nelson, a symbol of a great day of work well done more than a century ago: a day of the clash of arms in which the story of Empire and the story of history itself was written—the day of Trafalgar.

I can see Nelson's Column very clearly from here. I can even see on his one arm a copper band placed there by a steeplejack. You can see it from the ground if you look very carefully, and, if you use a pair of opera glasses, with certain clearness. I shouldn't have known about it if it hadn't been for what Larkin, the steeplejack, told me. He does a thrilling day's work every twenty-four hours, and he has climbed this mighty monument to Nelson and his victory at Trafalgar three times. His father, Larkin the steeplejack told me, lost his life by falling from a steeple some years ago, and he himself thought he would fall a couple of hundred feet below on to the ground when he was climbing up to the top of the Nelson Monument to fix the copper band which I can now see so clearly. The man who followed him immediately behind or

the way he should take—that is the long way round Trafalgar Square, the one-way traffic way, in fact. Joe doesn't like it, he wants to go up the Charing Cross Road apparently, but the police constable is nudging him in the back and though I



Jack Smith, the first man to sell tomatoes in the streets of London

Daphne Pearson

can't quite see it from here, I know the 'bus driver is grinning. Perhaps he has just had a good tip from Joe.

Oh, look! There's another well-known London character, if I'm not mistaken. It's Jack Smith, the first man to sell

tomatoes in the streets of London. He's a long way from me now, just pushing his barrow along Cockspur Street up to his stand in Little Pulteney Street. Yes, it must be he . . . I'm sure of it now, because I can see two of his sons helping him to push the barrow, though Jack is a very proud man, and likes to think that he is pushing his barrow of fruit to the stand he has held for fifty years. He served King Edward, did Jack, with pears, and he's very proud of it, too.

I can see a lot from where I am standing on the roof of St. Martin's. Just below me is the building of the Union of South Africa—a beautiful building, it is—and part of a new building in Duncannon Street. There are many of you who knew London and have happy memories of gay nights in this quarter of this famous city. Looking again to my right, I can see the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway and of the Canadian National Railways; the National Gallery, too, the Admiralty Arch, where they are always at work, keeping in touch with the ships of the British Navy, scattered across the world. And then the Trafalgar Square tube station, just below me. People are pouring from it to go to their work. Ah, now a flight of pigeons rises from Trafalgar Square to flutter round the figure of Nelson. And there's a sudden crowd from Charing Cross—typists, secretaries, clerks with bowler hats, City merchants, journalists—all kinds of people who do the world's work. Other termini in London are pouring out just as big a mass of people—Waterloo, Paddington, Cannon Street, Euston, Liverpool Street, Marylebone—just the same in the mass, just as interesting and just in a way as uninteresting, because they have been doing the same thing for twenty, thirty, forty years. But the typists, as I see them, look perky. They hurry off from their boarding houses or flats with

a little hat on their heads and a cheap necklace round their throats. They'll do their typing and have their lunch, probably a glass of milk and a piece of slab cake, and then go off to meet a boy friend to go to the pictures tonight—but they're doing the world's work. I can see a bunch of them now, hurrying from the entrance to Trafalgar Square tube station. It's funny how women always are hurrying; men take life at a more leisurely



Sadie Beer, minding carts in Covent Garden

Daphne Pearson

pace. I can see some City clerks, as I think they must be—anyhow, they're wearing bowler hats. They're going, I suppose, to a job of accountancy, are these men in bowler hats, quiet fellows with efficient minds, as I can see them and think about them. They live in the suburbs—Hampstead, Hammersmith, Sydenham—but they've got an eye for a pen and a mind for figures which people like myself would never hope to achieve.

And there's a pavement artist. I'm not quite sure whether he's just leaving his pitch or just going to it, for you know that London is famous for its pavement artists and they come and go at all kinds of queer times. There are some who work at night and others who find it more profitable to draw their crayon pictures on the pavement in the morning. He is just settling down now, getting out his chinks and bits of crude canvas under the shadow of a statue which I can't see at the moment, the statue of a woman whose character and history mean so much to us English—the statue of Nurse Cavell, who did so much strange work that it brought her to the kind of end which we can think about with more than a little pride, for here was a woman indeed, a woman in the finest sense.

From Charing Cross railway station and from the tube in Trafalgar Square, people are still pouring out, going to do their job of work. And talking about work, I got up early this morning, very early indeed, to be sure that I should reach punctually my queer post on the roof of St. Martin's. . . . I was up at five o'clock, in fact, and in an early morning prowling I went to Smithfield, where I saw English and Scotch beef arriving to be handled by men of stout shoulders.

I went by taxi to Covent Garden to see all that work means there. A fascinating place is Covent Garden with the arrival of its spuds and carrots and turnips, handled by people who have been at work since three o'clock this morning. . . . These Covent Garden people stand there and represent to me the last types of character in English life. There's Sadie Beer, for example, who minds the cars and carts of those who are buying their produce. She's been doing it for thirty-three years. But she's not the only one who's been doing a picturesque kind of job in London, and I doubt if any city in the world could show a better gallery of types and of people who do queer jobs. There is one woman I'm thinking of, though I can't see her now because she is doing, or has by now done, her work in the



Molly Moore on her morning round (a photograph taken at 5 a.m.)
Daphne Pearson

East End. Mrs. Moore her name is, and she earns her bread and butter and jam by giving people an early morning call—waking them in the morning, in fact, by blowing peas at their windows. Her family has been doing it for forty years and Molly Moore is using the same pea-shooter which has been used for all that time.

I've been in New York, Berlin, Brussels, and Paris, but there's nothing quite like this London scene in Trafalgar Square—so very English. From where I am standing I can see for a great distance, and all the places I can see represent in some way or another a job of work, of London's work, of England's work. I can see the top of Whitehall, though not the Cenotaph, which lies, as you know, half way down. I can see in the far distance the Battersea Power Station, which provides electric light and power to a mighty area in this metropolis. I can see, too, the wireless masts over the Admiralty, and they stand for a very long and dramatic story, a War story. Westminster Cathedral I can see too, standing

high like a lone sentinel in the Victoria district, and close on my right I can see the National Gallery. Just behind me is the tower of the Coliseum. The River Thames itself is not many hundred yards away from me; if the wind were right, perhaps a wind from the south-west, you might hear the blowing of one of the tugs that go up and down the Thames, under bridges, to bring merchandise and food to the outer places of London. And finally there is one thing I can see as I look around from this famous roof. It is the top of Big Ben, which stands for so much to all of us.

As I hurried into this famous church, a flower woman was selling violets and primroses outside, and I just got the smell of them, a scent of fields and woods. The woman who's selling these flowers is standing at the church entrance that leads to the crypt where night after night men who are down-and-out and up against it find shelter. . . . This crypt is the most famous sanctuary in the whole of England for those who are not going to work today because they have no work to do.

A Labour Exchange Jubilee

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

Broadcast on May 7

THE year 1935 is not only the year of a great Jubilee—the Silver Jubilee of our King; it is the year also of a lesser Jubilee—the Silver Jubilee of a concern which is small, if judged by the whole life of the nation, but not without importance.

In the year 1935 falls—it has fallen already—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the National Employment Exchanges. On February 1, 1910, sixty-one Exchanges (they were then called Labour Exchanges) opened their doors in Britain, and in the course of the year were followed by others. They represented the first national system of Employment Exchanges in the world—just as the scheme of Unemployment Insurance which was linked with them and followed two years later, was the first scheme of compulsory Unemployment Insurance which did not die at birth. Employment Exchanges on a local basis were well developed before 1910 in Germany and several other countries, and there were useful local experiments in Britain also. But the venture launched in February, 1910, was unprecedented in type and scale.

The Exchanges were voluntary: nobody was compelled to use them. There was naturally some distrust of them, both on the part of employers and of organised labour. We had no idea whether they would be used at all. I well remember the excitement with which on the first day Mr. Winston Churchill, who, as President of the Board of Trade, was the Minister responsible for the scheme, and I and others went round and gleaned every odd bit of news. How one man of unusual occupation had come in and got work at once; how journalists had come in and demanded instant statistics of unemployment; how there had been a rush of men in the building trade for whom places could not be found. In those days building, which is leading our present recovery, was a depressed industry; engineering, shipbuilding, mining, and cotton, presented hardly any problem of unemployment at all.

In their first year the Labour Exchanges filled about 400,000 vacancies, and they reached the million mark at the time the War broke out. In the War they were turned on to every kind of odd and difficult job, and then, in the bad times following the great depression of 1921, exchange work proper was swamped in the handing out of insurance benefits and doles. In 1922 the work of the Exchanges in finding employment fell back almost to the point reached eleven years before. They had to make a fresh start after 1922, but they made it; since then, in spite of depression, there has been steady progress, till last year the vacancies which they filled exceeded 2,300,000—more than three times the figure for 1922.

If one looks at the Employment Exchanges now and in 1910, there are four things to say about them. First, we may all feel a legitimate pride in this country in having led the world in this national attack on unemployment. Contrary to what is still often said by people who should know better, unemployment insurance was not copied from Germany or any other nation; it was a British product. The only feature of the insur-

ance scheme that we definitely owe to Bismarck is the device of raising contributions from employers by stamps on cards, representing a direct tax on employment. That is the one feature of the scheme which, if we were starting again, I should most like to reconsider. And Employment Exchanges as a national service were British also. Today we take the Exchanges and Insurance so much for granted, that probably few people realise that twenty-six years ago, a man who lost his job, unless he belonged to one of the relatively few trade unions who gave out-of-work pay, had no income of any sort to fall back on, had no place to which to go for guidance in looking for work. He hawked his labour from door to door like a mediæval peddler; he tossed up a coin metaphorically, sometimes literally, to decide in which direction he would look for work. He was left utterly alone to help himself, when he could not help himself.

Second, the Exchanges touch the life of millions of individual citizens in a way that hardly any other organ of government does. There is a lot of routine and forms and pink tape in the work of the Exchanges, but it is not quite like selling stamps or collecting taxes, or connecting telephone numbers. It is trying to help people just at the time when they most need help; it is intensely human and individual. At twenty-five years of age the Exchanges are certainly still young enough—I hope they will always be young enough—for the staff working in them to look on them as a means to serving others, and not just as a way of making a living for themselves.

Third, the Employment Exchanges are trying to do something more important for people than insurance can do. It often used to be said in the old days that Labour Exchanges could only secure that A got a job which B would have got otherwise, and therefore that could not diminish unemployment. But that way of talking is a mistake. If A gets a job a week, a day, or half a day, or half an hour before either B or A himself might have got it without the Exchange, unemployment has been diminished. If the employer has a larger choice of possible workmen, if the worker has a larger choice of possible jobs, as he has with the Exchange system, it is easier to get a better fit and unemployment is diminished. Actually, the Exchanges do a large part of their work in finding men places outside their districts: 400,000 men and women were found jobs in that way in last year alone. Under the old system they would have had little or no chance of hearing of those jobs at all. Finally, for everything they do, the Employment Exchanges depend on the co-operation of employers, on being used systematically, not only as a last resort. The King, in his Jubilee broadcast, stressed the persistence of unemployment, as a grief in our rejoicing. Complete solution of the problem of unemployment needs far more than exchanges and insurance and may be beyond our powers. But regular use of the Exchange is at least a contribution towards solving the problem. It is a contribution, small or great, which every employer can make, and so carry forward the national attack on the problem of unemployment which was begun twenty-five years ago.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

Charities

AMID the preoccupations and more immediate interests of Jubilee year it is unlikely that many people will spare a thought for the centenary of a Royal Commission or ask their booksellers or even their public libraries for the heavy volumes of the Royal Commission for Enquiring into Charities in England and Wales, which sat and reported a hundred years ago. Yet in its way that report is worth remembering because the subject it dealt with, bequests and charities, has been of growing importance ever since. Just as in the field of taxation a great deal of pruning and weeding and consolidating took place at that time, and as in municipal administration and in parliamentary franchises the survivals of the past were drastically overhauled and cleared away, so a great many age-old charities were frowned upon and abolished by Parliament. It was no new principle a hundred years ago that bequests have no such inherent sanctity that they must go on for ever. The causes which prompt them may disappear while only the legacy remains, and these periodical surveys are necessary lest charities become vested interests, organisations supporting the few people who run them and whose annual report is really in the nature of a smoke screen. It was a favourite form of charitable bequest in seventeenth-century England to leave money to pay for a man to walk about the church driving out dogs and waking up snorers, but as sermons have grown shorter the need for this kind of service has grown less. The temptation has always been strong for elderly people, who find much to disapprove of in the world they are about to leave, to try to make their money stay behind and keep an eye on the ungodly. It is not as easy as it was to leave money to pay for a bell to be tolled at four o'clock every morning in the interests of early rising or at four in the morning and half-past eight in the evening 'so that everybody within sound of it should think twice of their death, resurrection and call to the last judgment'.

The bequests of our ancestors tended to be local, concerned with a man's native place, and if the knowledge of exactly which neighbours the loud bell was going to

wake up was a death-bed consolation, neighbourliness showed itself also in many bequests to make marriage easier for the young and in providing all sorts of feasts and dinners on certain occasions, such as Christmas Day. The tendency of charity in the last hundred years has been away from the locality, in an era of national societies for meeting this or that need. Much efficiency has resulted, but organisation has brought its own loss with it. People have less to leave, and feel a self-consciousness from which their ancestors were free at accompanying small donations and endowments with large conditions and explanations. Today there are few parishes which are not only small enough to be greatly benefited but which are reasonably certain to remain small. It is easier and simpler to make over sums to well-known organisations—and in many cases this course has the most advantages for all parties. There are, however, some pitfalls. Perhaps the chief is that provided by the vague state of the Law.

The guide which the Courts have to follow is still the preamble to an Elizabethan statute to whose long list of charitable activities modern charities have to be shown to be analogous. Parliament, if it could spare the time, might very usefully try its hand at some new definitions. Nearly seventy years ago, when the Charity Organisation Society was set up to endeavour to establish sound principles of relief, its many positive activities were rather overshadowed in the public eye by its usefulness as a body of reference to whom the clever appeals of professional beggar writers could be taken. Since then the running of semi-bogus charity as a means of personal gain has far outgrown the one-man business of the old letter writer. The new scale on which charities operate, the discovery that publicity rightly handled can bring in great incomes and stray windfalls and can obtain the services of people who are looking for a charity to serve as the *raison d'être* for entertainments they are determined in any event to hold, has made the profession of organiser a skilled and useful one, but also one in which the very talents of showmanship and appeal that succeed for the charities are most mischievous in the hands of people with nests of their own to feather. Balance sheets, as business concerns know, can tell as much or as little as is desired. The proportion of overhead costs to other expenditure can be concealed and the limelight can be skilfully directed to arousing pity for the needs to be relieved, and away from any close and detailed exposition of what the society is doing and what its full resources are.

Week by Week

IT is a sign of the times that Oxford University is appointing a Reader in Statistics. Statistics are for speakers today what classical quotations and purple patches were to their predecessors, their heaviest ammunition on which they rely for their major effects. The nature of the subjects which call for public discussion is today a standing encouragement to amateur statisticians. The subject matter of discussion, the economic crisis, the India Bill, the Five Year Plan or President Roosevelt's N.R.A. and other codes, all invite the use of large figures which bear little relation to the experience of the person using them. Such figures cannot be envisaged, and they exist in a world remote from the world we all of us know, but they look exact and they impress the imagination of men in an age with a great fondness for the quantitative measurement of everything that will let itself be measured. It is all to the good, therefore, that there should be professional statisticians in our midst who may be trusted to share the common and natural resentment felt by all specialists when other people use their methods or talk about their subjects. There are many salutary warnings which have to be given and repeated, pointing out the pitfalls of statistical argument in the mouths of people who are repeating what they believe to be striking and easily memorable facts. The statistical picture of the world cannot help being very partial because only certain things get counted. A man may grow fruit and vegetables and eat them, and they have

little chance of blossoming into statistics, but if they are sent round the world before they are eaten they can figure repeatedly in returns of world trade. Yet it is very common to find world trade figures treated as equivalent to measures of consumption and well-being. Statistics have to be organised into a science as the only way of securing authoritative correction for the abuses to which they so easily lend themselves. Even where the reasoning is correct the sources from which figures come deserve much closer scrutiny than they habitually receive. If people would remind themselves that behind numerical totals lies the operation of counting, they would often perceive at once in how many fields accurate and honest counting is out of the question. The knowledge that there are Professors and Readers in statistics and a Royal Statistical Society should be a reminder that so far from being knowledge in its simplest and clearest form, numerical totals and proportions are tricky creatures which require a lot of knowing and are only safe with their professional keepers.

* * *

If all the bunting that has celebrated the Jubilee were sewn into a patchwork quilt, it might still not cover the British Empire. But it at least proves one thing, that when we want to decorate our cities, our first instinct is for colour. Normally our streets lack colour. Flower beds and window boxes are all too rare; and even the facades of the gaudier shops grow dingy with industrial grime. But the flags and the pennants, the aprons on the window-sills, the bells and the festoons of twisted paper, made a riot of colour that spread outwards from the formal centre of every town to the poorest alleys. A few squares and thoroughfares would be planned with a more or less unified decorative scheme: the rest reflected the vagaries of individual competition. But everywhere it was the colours that mattered—bright colours resplendent against stone and stucco and brick, making the streets gay. One or two of our correspondents have criticised the decorations, finding them either too tawdry or too crude. But any rejoicing that is worth its name should have some touch of recklessness and spontaneity about it, which would naturally gird at the restraints of too delicate or too dignified an artistry. If the outward expression of the Jubilee ran more to carnival than to regimented pomp, it is because the nation wanted to give vent to its happiness rather than its pride. But the carnival must end: the garlands must be taken down at last, and the strings of coloured lights extinguished. One thing, however, might well remain. The floodlighting, which has been such a successful feature of the celebrations, is no mere decoration, but a means of throwing into vivid relief the beauty of the architecture itself. It is effective in the towns; but it is equally effective on ancient monuments and village churches. It is cheap, and it can be provided wherever gas or electricity is available (a fact which has already been discovered by the owners of many wayside inns). When the tinsel has been taken down, and the flags furled and the litter swept away from the parks and open spaces, this silent tribute to the permanent beauty of the land might well be kept in memory of a great festival.

* * *

The attractive new *Brief Guide to the National Museums and Galleries of London**, which has now been issued in accordance with the recommendation of the Standing Commission on Museums and Galleries, is significant in more ways than one. First, the fact that the Guide has been edited and issued by the Stationery Office shows that this department is beginning to show signs of playing a more active part in providing publicity for Governmental activities. Again, the fact that there has not been up to now any guide to the London Museums is an indication of the extent to which in the past these institutions have worked in isolation from one another and with but mediocre contacts with the public. The idea that a museum or gallery has only to keep its doors open, and that the public is convicted of apathy if it does not flock through these doors, is dying hard. This new Guide, however, is one sign of a more progressive attitude; the museums and galleries must, like all educational and cultural organisations, help to stimulate and even create the demand for the services which they offer. But a great deal more than the issue of this brief factual Guide will be required as time goes on. It is something to let visitors to

London—and London residents—know where the institutions are, what they contain, when they are open, and how to get there; but future editions should find room for stimulus and guidance of a more general kind, including advice to parents, teachers and others on how to make the best use of visits to museums and galleries, outlines of specimen tours, and so on. Furthermore, the present Guide is limited to some fifteen of the principal institutions, and might well be supplemented with details of many other London museums. Is it too much to hope that it will be followed some day with a similar volume for the provinces? Lord D'Abernon in his preface to the Guide points out that for every one person who visits a national museum or gallery in London, probably thirty visit a London cinema. The disparity in this age of increasing leisure is greater than it should be, and better publicity is one of the secrets of its adjustment.

* * *

It is a strange world in which drama is forced to call itself 'educational' in order to keep alive. This, at all events, is what has happened at York, where the Citizens' Theatre has converted itself into a non-profit-making organisation, devoted to 'partly educational' plays, so as to be able to claim exemption from entertainment tax. The experiment has been tried elsewhere and has proved a success: the reduction in the cost of seats helped to attract a larger public, while the fact that any play that has some intellectual appeal can fairly be called 'educational' meant that the field of choice was not seriously restricted. There is, moreover, the additional advantage of ensuring the continued performance of good plays, and of saving the theatre from the temptation, which besets all repertory organisations, to improve its finances by producing trivial farces or thrillers. Only last week, when British drama surely deserved to be celebrated, a prominent North of England repertory theatre offered a mediocre American farce as a 'special Jubilee attraction': nothing of that kind will be able to happen at the York Citizens' Theatre. But in spite of these advantages, and in spite of the devotion to drama which clearly inspires those who are connected with the York theatre, it can hardly be claimed that such efforts to avoid entertainment tax are a really encouraging sign. It is sad to find the great art of the theatre reduced to attracting audiences by calling itself 'educational' and thus knocking a few pence off the cost of seats.

* * *

Our Scottish correspondent writes: The Jubilee celebrations have served to provide a subtle illustration of the attitude of modern Scotland towards Central Authority in London. The loyalty to the Crown of the generality of Scots folk was nowhere in any doubt whatsoever, but the dim workings of resurgent nationalism were manifest in our decorative displays. Our trouble was to know what flags to fly. The Union Jack waved everywhere, of course, but one could discern a general anxiety to exhibit with it some symbol of the uniqueness of our position within the Imperial group; and the problem of the patriot was in no way eased by the pronouncement of Lord Lyon King of Arms regarding the use of the beautiful Lion Rampant. This startling banner, it was officially explained, is strictly personal to the Sovereign. It could be employed, however, as part of a decorative scheme, or even flown alone, provided that the pole bearing it was not in the perpendicular position. The use of the upright position, we were warned, would mean an obligation to give a Royal Salute on such military and official parties as might pass the spot. The public was urged to fly the Blue Saltire—the silver Cross of Saint Andrew on a blue background: a lovely flag indeed. The result, unhappily, was confusion. Military guards must have been hard put to it to turn out for those hundreds of motorists who flew the Lion Rampant on their radiators and in the perpendicular position. Whereas the Blue Saltire was most lavishly and dexterously used in conjunction with the Union Jack on Government buildings—Inland Revenue and Post Offices, Customs Houses, and so forth. Altogether, it did not call for undue cynicism to discern on the one hand the ignorance of traditional practices among a people vaguely awakening to a sense of their inheritance and, on the other, the charming anxiety of Whitehall to meet the sentimental demand in advance.

* H.M. Stationery Office 61.

Danubian Clues to European Peace

Local Colour on the Danube

A symposium of impressions gained by various travellers in Danubian countries

Austria

IF I could draw and were trying to paint a composite picture in which Austria's salient features were to be depicted I would somehow have to compress on my canvas quite an exceptional amount of natural beauty.

So my picture would be something like this. As a background there would be gleaming snow peaks or jagged limestone crags overtopping a hillside covered with deep green pinewoods and sloping meadows starred with flowers. A tranquil lake or a swiftly flowing river of grey-green glacier water would cut across the valley in the foreground. Then there would have to be a cheerful friendly-looking village. The houses, often gaily painted, would have wide overhanging eaves and the windows and gardens would be bright with geraniums. Out of a whitewashed church with a green onion-shaped tower are streaming a crowd of peasants. The women in full-skirted black dresses are wearing coloured silk shawls over their shoulders and on their heads low-crowned black straw hats with broad silk streamers. For the peasants still remain faithful to the Catholic Church and the women still wear with pride on Sunday the costume peculiar to their own particular mountain valley. On a spur of the hillside overlooking this valley stands a massively built castle which keeps alive the memory of a troubled past.

In the style of a child's picture-book that would not be too

bad an image of the Austrian countryside. For most of Austria is mountainous, and timber and waterpower are among its principal natural resources.

But then by the side of our swiftly-flowing river would also have to rise the walls and towers of a town. On the outskirts there might well be factory chimneys. But the industry for

which they stand will still have left intact the romantic feel of the old inner town. There narrow streets, picturesque old houses and splendid churches take one back with a jump into past centuries. The men go about their ordinary business, dressed as likely as not in the well-worn leather shorts and loose jacket of



Peasant costumes in the Tyrol

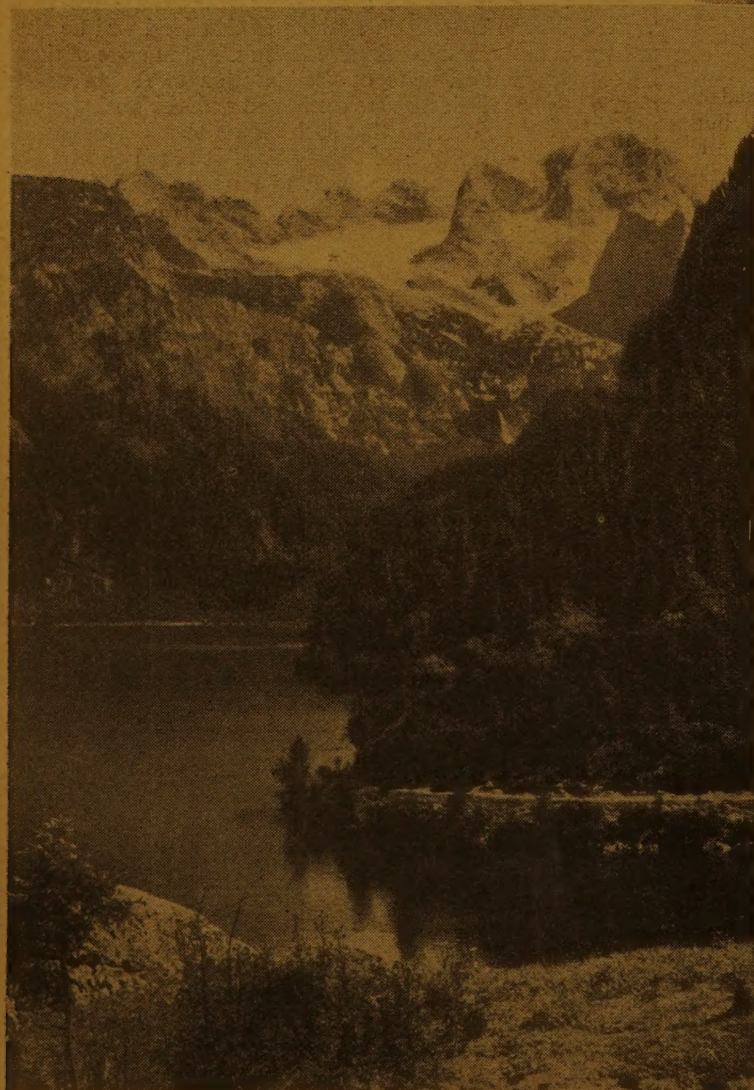
Photos: Austrian Federal Railways

the countryside. The individual shop, with which is bound up the personality of the proprietor, has not yet had to give way before the impersonal departmental store.

But now we have to get something else into our picture. There must be Vienna, the great old capital which alone accounts for more than a quarter of Austria's total population. Here the factory chimneys in the suburbs will be denser. There will also be huge blocks of workmen's dwellings exemplifying all that a former socialist administration regarded as most up to date in housing. But here too remains a great inner city and it is that which makes of Vienna one of the most beautiful capitals of Europe. There are stately buildings to testify to the splendour of past imperial glory. The gardens in the summer are redolent of lilac and of may. Museums house collections that are world famous and the happy easy-going character of the people finds expression and satisfaction in music. Vienna, despite the shrinkage of Austria, still remains in fact one of the great artistic centres of the world. Much of the capital, with its huge imperial palace and its great houses of the nobility no longer lived in by their former owners, is nowadays, it is true, rather like an empty shell from which the kernel has dropped out. For apart from its geographical position the basis of Vienna's importance was the fact that it was an imperial city.

And this, alas! brings me to politics and so to the point when my smooth, sunlit picture of a lovely and romantic country has to be marred with angry-looking jagged smudges. These are the symbols of the unrest introduced into Austria by the bitter feud between Nazis and anti-Nazis, which has temporarily done much to spoil the friendly course of village life and brought the provinces bordering on Germany very close to severe economic distress.

Yet notwithstanding these ugly splashes which disturb the harmony of my composition but which we will put in in colours that can easily be washed



The Gosausee in the Salzkammergut: 'gleaming snow peaks overtopping a hillside covered with deep green pinewoods'

out—the basis of my picture remains"essentially unchanged. It is the picture of a land of great beauty and charm peopled by agreeable and friendly inhabitants.

D. H. LOCH

Czechoslovakia

THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD PRAGUE—the capital of seventeen-year-old Czechoslovakia—is wonderful. Through it runs the swiftly-flowing, jade-hued Moldau; in summer the Mecca at mid-day of thousands of bathers. On the left bank, towering above the river, stands the ancient and exquisite pile of St. Vitus' Cathedral—age-old, grey—and near it the great erstwhile Royal Palace with its hundreds of windows blinking at one in the sun.

There are wide streets, and many squares, too, thronged with hastening, busy people and leisurely tourists; beautiful buildings ancient and modern, intriguing by-ways and lanes leading down to the water-side, and disclosing charming vistas of the great Charles Bridge, the river, or the Castle on the heights.

There are, too, strange and busy open-air markets with peasants in costumes which are gay-coloured and picturesque.

Prague is a musical city, and one of great historic and antiquarian interest. Nor does one soon forget its mystic beauty seen from the riverside in the blue-grey dimness of a summer night, with the yellow lights of the houses on the opposite bank of the river shining like glow-worms from the windows.

And the countryside of Czechoslovakia. One readily believes when passing through it that the well-known phrase 'one tickles it with a hoe and it laughs with a harvest' refers to it. And in harvest time the labourers work from sunrise till sunset: and as one goes along the ribbon-like roads, lined almost invariably with plum, cherry or apple trees, one sees the fields—especially in Slovakia—made gay, like animated flower beds, by the bright coloured costumes of men and women. As twilight comes, one meets long-shaped carts laden with sheaves of grain, on which are seated the weary, but singing, harvesters, while in the closely-cropped fields are little goose-girls with their flocks of dimly-white birds being driven home.

In many villages, especially in the long winter evenings, there are home industries yet carried on, as in ancient times. Glass bead-making, lace-making and peasant embroideries, with the men and boys busily engaged in making articles of furniture of white pine wood, and decorating them with artistic and bright-hued stencil designs.

Czechoslovakia is wonderfully rich in minerals. We have been told that platinum is the only one she has not got. Because of these she is becoming an industrial nation that will count in the future. Czechoslovakia also has vast green forest regions, especially in Bohemia, some perhaps as yet untrodden by the feet of man, in which bears are sometimes met with. And lovely lakes, either deep ultramarine or sea-green, according to their depth and the weather, in summer golden-hued in the shallows. Spas, too, in plenty, where many marvellous cures are made by the natural hot water and other springs. And in the Valley of the Vah are many historic, though mostly ruined, castles, which lure one on to lovely Strebske Pleso, high up above the valley, which bursts upon one after a climb of several thousand feet, where the ultramarine lake smiles at one in summer under a deep blue sky, and in winter ski-ing, skating and other winter sports prevail.

Czechoslovakia has made tremendous progress since the War. The Czechs, who live in Bohemia, which was formerly Austrian, constitute the backbone of the country, but there is much real co-operation with the other racial groups in Czechoslovakia, and especially with the Slovaks. The President, Dr. T. G. Masaryk, who will be known to history as one of the great and wise statesmen of all time, symbolises this co-operation, for he is himself a Slovak.

CLIVE HOLLAND

Hungary

IF WE COMPLETE OUR JOURNEY to Hungary by boat, perhaps we shall see Budapest for the first time on one of those magical,

twilit evenings, when the Danube justifies Strauss by being blue. Violet-coloured in the half-light, Hungary's Parliament House, the largest and finest in Europe after Westminster, looks across to the Palace where an admiral pre-



In a Slovakian market-square—countryfolk bringing in their products to Zvolen. (Inset) Moravian peasant woman

sides over this kingdom without a king. Every firefly in Asia seems to be trembling against the hills. Steamers glide about like fallen constellations. Overhead swing some of the loveliest bridges in the world, illuminated as if for a festival, and trams move across them like softly glowing shuttles.

Let us dine at one of the little open-air restaurants where we will sit under flowering chestnut trees, and the gipsy leader will bring his violin to our table. The melodies he plays are Hungarian peasant songs which his people have learnt by ear and transmitted to their children for centuries. Later tonight we shall visit a celebrated café, where we shall find ourselves among those strangely romantic figures typical of Budapest, or we may hear some famous writer discoursing to the younger generation on literature and life, as he recalls, amidst the cigar smoke and the click of waiter's trays, the literary battles of his own vanished youth.

A welcome awaits the Englishman in Budapest such as perhaps no other country offers. If he is invited to a private house, everyone present will change over from speaking Hungarian to the most perfect English. Conversation about the latest English books will help him to feel at home. English sports, from the fox-hunting and steeple-chasing of well-to-do society to boxing, rugby and tennis, are everywhere enthusiastically copied. The friendship thus encouraged had a charming result during the War. Hungary refused to intern her English residents, who were free to live as they pleased. If we can tell our host that he might be mistaken for an Englishman, this will give him more pleasure than any compliment.

Nobody could spend twenty-four hours in Budapest without hearing of the Treaty of Trianon. Hungarians will explain how this arrangement took away two-thirds of their territory and transferred great numbers of their Hungarian kinsmen to foreign rule without consulting their wishes. The new frontiers, it will be said, are producing grotesque situations. I knew, for example, of one man who was sent backwards and forwards seventeen times from Hungary to a neighbouring State because his nationality baffled the lawyers. No Hungarian accepts the present position as final or reassuring for the peace of Europe. This whole problem is extremely interesting,



Shepherd of the Hungarian Plain with his flock: 'You will hear two shepherds a mile apart carrying on a conversation'

but judgment should be passed only after both sides have been heard.

The peasant women coming to market in Budapest will remind us that Hungary is an agricultural land. They sweep along in their crinoline skirts of blue or mauve or scarlet, sometimes as many as fifteen petticoats swirling about their feet, and, maybe, a live goose under their arm. They will arouse a longing in us to follow the Danube where it flows out into the great Hungarian Plain. This is a romantic, almost an unbelievable, world. You will hear two shepherds a mile apart carrying on a conversation, so uncanny is their power of making sound travel. Midday may show us an example of the mirage known as Fata Morgana: when we are thirsty and tired, blue lakes suddenly gleam in front of us, though we could walk a whole day and not find water. Here, too, we can study the fascinating peasant culture at home, either among white-washed cottages, slumbering under their storks' nests, or at large with the guardians of wild horses that gallop in splendid freedom from horizon to horizon. A fine subject, this, for an artist, and some of the peasants develop extraordinary skill at painting. In England we hear little, even of Budapest's achievements, but every day, unknown to Europe, painters and poets in Hungary are expressing life with an art which deserves the admiration of the world.

V. D. BARKER

Rumania

I KNOW THAT the popular idea of Rumania is that it is a land of constantly impending revolution, exciting night life and court cabals, a land where bandits roam the countryside and a picturesque peasantry sings and dances. A Ruritania! This is very wide of the mark.

One should rather picture it as a land of prosperous, contented country-folk. Rumania, though a little larger than Great Britain, has only a third of the population; and of her eighteen million people about fourteen million are peasants. So there is no big-town life except in Bucharest, and Bucharest is remote, right in the south, only fifty miles from the Danube frontier, cosmopolitan, the meeting place of east and west. But even here a characteristic of all Rumania stands out. Though its population could be fitted nine times into London, the city covers a huge area. Outside its small centre, where the shops,

theatres and government buildings are grouped within a short walk of the Royal Palace, every house has its garden. Inherently, Rumanians desire land where they can grow things. If you sat listening in one of the hundreds of crowded cafés you would probably hear politics being discussed. But you would not hear Madame Lupescu's name, because no one but foreigners is interested in her. She certainly has no influence on politics. Political talk is the country's safety-valve, always open. Rumanians enjoy talking far too much to regard active revolt as anything but disturbing nonsense. Besides, they have nothing against which they wish to revolt.

But to find the secret of Rumania's content, you must live with the peasants; for they *are* Rumania. Not long ago I lived with them for four months, as a peasant. I worked with them and wore their clothes, an embroidered shirt, belted and hanging almost to my knees over tight, white, woollen trousers. When I moved from village to village and offered to pay my keep, the peasants refused with dignity. Not one of them had seen an Englishman before. That is hospitality. They have very little money because they own their land and are self-supporting. Yet they are prosperous. World crises don't touch them. They grow or breed their food, they make their clothes, expressing their innate artistry in the embroidery which decorates even their roughest shirts. 'What sense', they say, 'is there in wasting our lives by working to sell things and make money?' Their lives anyway are hard enough. Though the spring

and autumn are calm and beautiful, both are short. They have to contend with a Russian winter and a burning summer. Their leisure is precious.

Their sense of poetry lives in their store of songs, in the rhythm of their old dances with the gypsies making music. Above all they are affectionate, loving children and peace. Though they drink a great deal of home-made plum brandy they rarely become drunk or quarrelsome. Physically they are dark and strong, though not heavily-built. The women are



Budapest—the Fischer Bastion

remarkably beautiful. You would find them honest, sympathetic and easy to understand; full of jokes and very intelligent, interested not only in their own country. Though Rumania has now regained her provinces of Bessarabia, Bucovina and Transylvania you would not find the differences of dialect you would expect. Somehow, the people, under whatever regime, have kept themselves as one, intact. Also, whatever their political opinions, they are extremely loyal to their Royal Family.

Only on the Dniester, the Russian frontier, did I find signs of unhappiness. Thousands of refugees have tried to escape

over the river into Rumania under fire of Soviet guards. In the last year this has been stopped. There are no more shootings, perhaps because the Soviet guards have nothing to shoot at, since Rumania must now by Treaty return the refugees. So peace has come *there* too.

Peace! That sums up the character and the desire of all Rumanians. Their history of struggle has given them an admirable sense of proportion. Nothing is so bad that it cannot be worse. They are content with little. We might call them lazy. But that is because they still believe that *living* is more important than making money. They just don't worry themselves about the thousand and one things which don't vitally concern them, such as budgets, trade balances and the garbling of court gossip by the outside world. But a self-sufficient man does *not* worry himself about such things; for, paradoxically, though Rumania is poor, Rumanians are rich. Ambition creates frontiers. Rumanians have no dykes nor hedges round their fields.

D. J. HALL

Yugoslavia

THE COUNTRY LYING between the Danube and the Adriatic is inhabited by the southern branch of that great Slavonic race, which includes also the Russians, the Poles and the Czechs. In their language 'south' is *yug* and that is why these Southern Slavs call themselves Yugoslavs and their country Yugoslavia.

The South Slavs in turn are divided into three principal branches, the Serbs, the Croats and the Slovenes. They are all of the same blood, and Serbs and Croats speak the same language, though Slovene differs a little. The principal differences between the three peoples are that the Slovenes and Croats, who were formerly Austro-Hungarian subjects, are Roman Catholics and use the same alphabet as we do, while the Serbs, who were for nearly four hundred years under Turkey, belong to the Orthodox Church and write in Russian characters.

Up to 1918 the Yugoslavs were divided between Austria, Hungary, Serbia and Montenegro. After the War they united and formed one State, but for all that there is no country in Europe which contains more vivid contrasts of scenery, people and culture. The north-west, that is the nearest, corner is Alpine. It includes the last section of the great chain of the Alps which begins in France, and it is inhabited by about a million Slovenes. The few towns look at first sight just like Austrian towns, for Slovenia is within a hundred and twenty miles of Vienna and was a part of Austria or Bavaria for over a thousand years. The scenery is reminiscent of parts of Switzerland or Bavaria—high snow-clad peaks, pine forests and mountain lakes. The Yugoslav royal family have summer places up here, and it was at Prince Paul's house on Lake Bohinj that Prince George and Princess Marina became engaged.

Leaving Slovenia, we come to Croatia with its capital, Zagreb. This completely European city is in many ways the cultural and business capital of Yugoslavia, and much of the political bitterness in the kingdom has its roots in the feeling of the Croats that they are a Western people and should not have to be governed from Balkan Belgrade.

To the south of Croatia lies the beautiful Dalmatian coast, where ancient white cities nestle in cypress groves beside a blue island-dotted sea. Ivan Meštrović, the famous sculptor whose work is to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Tate Gallery, was a shepherd boy in a Dalmatian village. While the Slovenes have been a good deal influenced by the Austrians and the Croats by the Hungarians, the dominating



Rumanian types: (left) shepherd; (right) peasant woman in national costume.
Dorien Leigh

influence in Dalmatia has come from Italy, since for four hundred years the Venetians ruled the province.

The further, or Balkan, half of Yugoslavia formerly comprised the kingdoms of Montenegro, a bare mountain of dark grey limestone, which the Turks were never able to conquer, and Serbia, a hilly land of sturdy peasants and oak forests and herds of pigs, with rich but as yet hardly exploited minerals beneath. Its capital, Belgrade, was before the War just a little Balkan town. After the War it suddenly found itself the capital of a country of fourteen million people. It has grown rapidly in the last fifteen years, and today it is a fine modern city with a quarter of a million friendly simple people whose chief delight is to sit in the numerous cafés until the small hours of the morning and listen to the gipsy singers and orchestras. The women are very pretty and well-dressed, and the smart white uniforms of the officers lend a touch of colour to the workaday crowds of civilians.

You do not see very many national costumes in Belgrade, but throughout the rest of Yugoslavia beautiful peasant costumes are worn every day as a matter of course by all the country folk. Some of the most variegated come from the rich corn-growing plain to the north of Belgrade, which up to 1918 was part of Hungary. It is a complete hotchpotch of races; most of the people are Serbs, but they live side by side with Hungarians, Rumanians, Germans and Slovaks, who all preserve their own individuality almost as much as if they were in their own countries.

The most picturesque and un-European part of Yugoslavia, however, is in the very centre of the country, the old provinces of Bosnia and Hercegovina, which have been half Muslim ever since the Turkish conquest five hundred years ago. There are over a million Muhammadans in Yugoslavia. They are 100 per cent. Serbs by blood and language, but they often call themselves Turks, and so to outward appearance they are. The women wear the veils and the men the fezzes now abolished in Turkey. They sit around in the bazaars in baggy Turkish trousers drinking Turkish coffee, and above them from the minarets of the mosques the muezzins give the call to prayer. If you want to see what pre-War Turkey looked like you cannot do better than visit the Bosnian capital of Serajevo, a sleepy old town which suddenly leapt to the front pages of the newspapers in 1914, when an Austrian Archduke was murdered there and the European War broke out as a result.

From this brief description you will perhaps have gathered that Yugoslavia does more than merely fill in the space between the Danube and the Adriatic. In all but a purely geographical sense it bridges also the gap between Europe and Asia.

ARCHIBALD LYALL

Creation from Chaos

YOU HAVE HEARD from travellers who know them well, what sort of countries these five Danubian countries are and what sort of people live in them. Imagine the situation they had to face at the end of the War. The breaking up or the breaking down of a great empire and its disintegration into its component



Sarajevo—'a sleepy old town which suddenly leapt to the front pages of the newspapers in 1914, when an Austrian archduke was murdered there and the European War broke out as a result'

Julia Hamilton

parts reads glibly enough as an episode in European political history; but it is not an easy thing for the student to appreciate what that process involved in the daily life of the people who had to suffer it. You remember the general strike which took place in Great Britain in 1926? It caused some little inconvenience. But we at any rate had a governmental machinery. We had in readiness and in working order an emergency organisation for distributing the elementary necessities of life. If you multiply many times over the discomforts we had to suffer during those ten days of 1926 and extend the ten days to several years, you begin to appreciate what had to be faced by the people whose luck it was, good or bad, mostly bad, to live in the Danubian countries. Austria and Hungary, in particular, found that the machinery of civilised life had ceased to function. There was no government in any sense but that of an experiment. There was no constitution. The railways, the postal, telegraphic and electrical services were in chaotic disorder. Food could not be distributed, could hardly be obtained at all in the towns. Nearly the entire population of Austria knew starvation, disease and squalor as a daily reality. One of the typical facts the relief organisations had to base their plans on was that 60 per cent. of the children in Vienna had rickets, 90 per cent. were tuberculous, and in 1919, 80,000 more people died than were born, although before the War births had exceeded deaths by about 5,000 a year. The collapse of the whole system of what we call civilised life had the further effect of making it impossible for those countries, neighbours though they were, to help each other. In the first week of November, 1919, no fewer than 400 wagons were loaded in Yugoslavia with coal for Austria but could not move because the Yugoslav railways themselves had no fuel. There was a communist revolution in Hungary,

which caused havoc before Count Bethlen re-established order. There was a new war between Rumania and Hungary. And if the defeated countries were in a bad state, the succession States were little better off. Listen to this: 'When we came here after the War, Bohemia and Moravia, being the richest countries in the whole of Austria, had been impoverished, exploited by the army. There was no bread when I came.

The first work was to provide wheat from America, from Rumania, from other sources. Next, the War had upset the whole administration, including the postal service. Money was not safe in the post, and was often lost. At the railway stations there were no timetables. If goods were sent by rail—for instance, eatables or clothing—they were in danger, for the people had been bereft of everything they possessed. Our new State began with a minus'. It was President Masaryk who spoke those words during a conversation some few years after the War.

The purely political chaos was bad enough. The economic and financial was worse. For the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, ramshackle as it was, had been an economic and financial unit. Whatever good ultimately resulted, and however strong was the political argument, the fact cannot be denied that the smashing of an economic and financial unit into several parts was about as businesslike a proceeding as the smashing of a man's kneecap in several parts. The five new units had to attempt an isolated

process of economic recovery when they each lacked the raw materials they needed; lacked the means to pay for them, and the means of getting them, even if they could pay.

In all the talks that follow you must remember the awful



'The beautiful Dalmatian coast, where ancient white cities nestle in cypress groves beside a blue island-dotted sea'

Julia Hamilton

pains that attended the birth of these new countries, and you must not forget that it was only the heroism of their peoples in the face of appalling chaos that pulled them through. The wonder is not that there are still big problems for their statesmen to solve, but that the mass of the Danubian peoples now enjoy a peaceful and ordered, if not yet a very prosperous, civilised life.

GEORGE GLASGOW

Art

Two Exhibitions of Scottish Painting

By DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS

An exhibition of the work of the 'Glasgow School' of painters opened in Glasgow on May 6, coinciding with another exhibition of Scottish paintings—those of William McTaggart (1835-1910) which are now on view at the Tate Gallery in commemoration of the centenary of his birth

THE city of Glasgow is now celebrating by an exhibition at Kelvin Hall a century of local government. Part of this exhibition is devoted to painting, and consists of five Galleries, the first of pictures by Glaswegians of last century other than those of the so-called 'Glasgow school' and the fifth of contemporary paintings. These may be disregarded without loss; but the remaining

torian of art, wrote rhetorically about the 'Glasgow boys'. It is long since I read his volumes; but I remember that he tries to explain this strangeness by characteristic purple patches on Highland scenery and the Ossianic 'vague'—not unlike the man in *Pickwick* who, called upon to write on Chinese metaphysics, read up China and Metaphysics and combined them. Actually, the Glasgow men never went sketching in Glencoe or Balquhider. They left the obviously romantic and picturesque to the McWhirters, Denovan Adams and Peter Grahams, and Ossianic gloom to German professors. Besides, they were in revolt against literary and historical painting and *genre* historical or 'kail-yaird'. They painted no executions of Mary Queen of Scots, no Prince Charlies in the heather, no farewells of Burns and Highland Mary, and they avoided all pawkiness and sob-stuff of the 'kail-yaird' type. It is true that Lavery early painted a Queen Mary after Langside, but not at all in the Scott-Lauder manner. Landscape competed with figures for interest and everything was drenched in atmosphere.

The Glasgow movement came to something because a band of ardent young men in a thriving, striving commercial city, each with his way to make in the world, felt at the most impressionable period of their lives the impact of new



Fox and Pigs, by Joseph Crawhall—a light-hearted scribble, but Japanese in its completeness

three Galleries are of immense interest. For they contain examples of the early work of that remarkable band of young men who made the name of Glasgow famous abroad. I wish that the contents of these three Galleries could be carried *en bloc* to London, to the Tate Gallery, perhaps. Far too little is known of them south of the Border, and yet, between the Pre-Raphaelites and the rise of the London Group, has British Art known any movement so vital as the Glasgow one?

It is now half a century since the Glasgow men began. At the Munich Exhibition of 1890 their work won resounding applause by the courage of its brushwork, the force and richness of its colour, the breadth and rhythm of its pattern. It was familiar yet puzzling. It was eminently original yet its derivations were patent. It was 'of the movement', yet Scottish and therefore unfamiliar.

Richard Muther, the German his-



Galloway Landscape, by George Henry

exciting ideas, worked together, argued together, travelled together, attracted the more attention by shouting together.

The group included W. Y. MacGregor, Guthrie, Lavery, Roche, Hornel, George Henry, Melville, Walton, Paterson and Crawhall. MacGregor, a man of firm convictions, was to some

extent the leader of the group, and his Bath Street studio was their meeting place in Glasgow. Some had studied abroad and all knew one or two examples of the work of the Barbizon men and Monticelli and the Dutch followers of the Barbizon men. Glasgow had, at that time and since, a number of dealers of great acumen and enterprise, who were helping Scottish business men to form private collections which are



The Rocking Chair, by Sir John Lavery

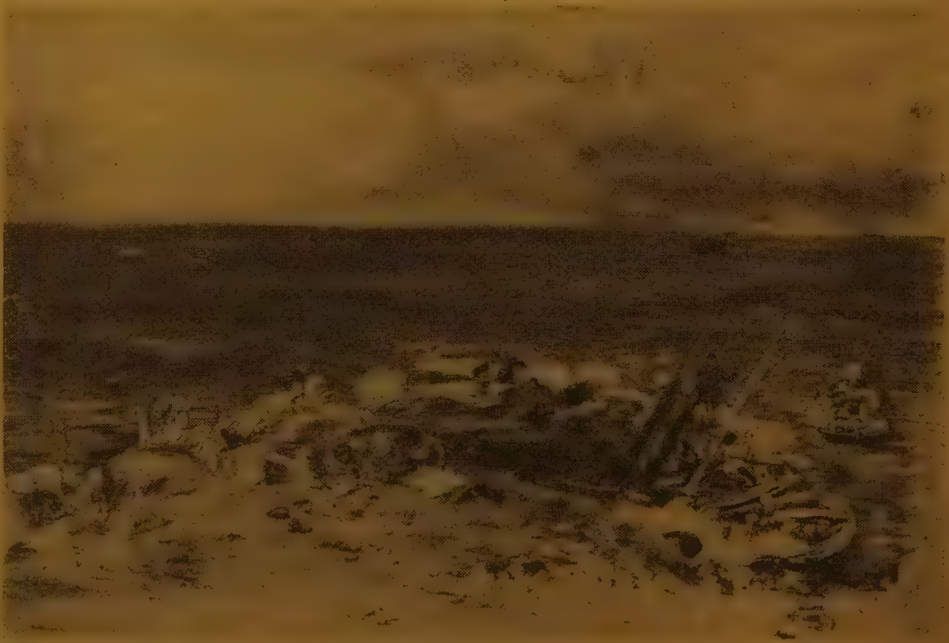
among the finest in the kingdom. (Here, by the way, is a suggestion for some Courtauld or other researcher hard put to find a thesis-subject—the influence of Glasgow dealers upon art at the close of last century.) Lavery and Roche as students in Paris had their breath taken away when they first stood before a canvas of Bastien Lepage. The Japanese too, and those Western masters of decorative arrangement Whistler and Puvis de Chavannes, were gods to the Glasgow youths. In 1891 Glasgow acquired for its Art Gallery Whistler's 'Carlyle'—an event in the art-history of the city. It is certain that the Glasgow boys talked Impressionism wherever they forgathered, and one must bear in mind that fifty years ago in official art-circles the word Impressionist had a connotation like that of Bolshevik today.

Lavery, Roche, Walton, Guthrie and other members of the group began as grey and sober plein-airists with a strong feeling for tone and pattern. Anyone, as they say, with half an eye can see at this exhibition what Guthrie owed to Bastien in his early 'To Pastures New', or Roche to Mauve in 'Mrs. Prue', or Walton to Corot throughout his long career. But Henry and Hornel were from the first intent upon smashing oppositions of colour, and prepared more or less to dispense with the third dimension in their love of paint for its own sake. Melville, too,

was essentially a colourist of the full-blooded type. It was through Melville that Brangwyn found himself. Crawhall, a Newcastle youth living for a time in Glasgow, was of the school. He rarely painted in oils, but in gouache and water-colour soon showed prodigious facility. His methods were eccentric. He would lie down in farmyards and get the labourers to cover him up with straw. And there, unobserved of hens and pigs and horses, he lay committing to memory their shapes and movements, until he could express them with a few calligraphic sweeps of the brush.

Of course they did not hold together for long. Some stayed in Scotland. Contemptuous at first of the Royal Scottish Academy, they were soon absorbed into its membership. Others went south in search of fortune. Hornel and Henry voyaged to the land of Hokusai and Hiroshige, and co-operated in a series of decorative paintings, in which something of Monticelli's gorgeousness of colour and something of Japanese pattern were combined to the amazement of their contemporaries. They with Melville are the innovators of the school. Go, if you can, to this exhibition and look at Hornel's 'Summer' (which when purchased by Liverpool in 1892 caused a full Epsteinian uproar) and Henry's 'Galloway Landscape' of 1889, which had a sensational success at the last Grosvenor Gallery show. Consider these dates and what were the usual methods of painting at that time, and then ask yourself if even Gauguin or Van Gogh did anything more daring and original.

Melville, too, was an artist of great originality. The water-colours he brought back from his Mediterranean journey show immense assurance and force of hand. They have all the technical brilliance you can find in Russell Flint with the saving grace of virility. And Melville could design, could contrast rich and crowded passages with others simple and textureless. W. Y. MacGregor sometimes seems as soft as Paterson at his woolliest, but at his best he blocked out his shapes in a square, strong way that still commands our respect. Lavery had from the first a sense of feminine 'chic', a Manet-like love of the mode of the minute, and no one learnt more fully from Whistler how to dispose a sitter on the canvas. How easy and elegant is the 'Rocking Chair' of 1895 (reproduced on this page),



The Emigrants, by William McTaggart

how exquisite, how tender in tone and tentative in handling the 'Tennis Party' of ten years earlier!

I have left all too much unsaid; but I must stop, for another Scottish exhibition calls for attention. This is the McTaggart



Dora, by William McTaggart

Centenary show at the Tate. At last McTaggart stands revealed before the Sassenach.

As early as 1875, many years before he ever saw a Monet, this remarkable landscapist was painting his high-pitched, rainbow-

hued lyrics of light. Scottish critics make great claims for him. They believe his fame is only beginning. Sir James Caw says that his 'Storm' is 'perhaps the most wonderful representation of a great elemental disturbance ever painted', and he finds McTaggart superior in certain respects to Turner and Monet. Is this merely another version of the old cry 'Whaur's Wullie Shakespeare noo?' or is the world outside Scotland doing an injustice to a great man? Go to the Tate Gallery and decide for yourselves.

Perhaps no one born this century finds it easy to give McTaggart his due. With the contemporary craze for pattern at all costs, pattern obvious, blatant, barbaric if possible, we are perhaps blinded to the finer spiritual qualities of McTaggart's art. In his pursuit of light and colour he grew ever more and more impatient of other considerations, until his drawing, never strong, became unstructural, and his composition, never well-articulated, became invertebrate. Rubens could pour damned folk out of the sky like fish out of a bucket, and yet preserve order in his picture-area. Turner could stir up a storm more violent than McTaggart's, yet never lose his grasp of pattern. McTaggart gives us upon canvas after canvas glorious impressions of Nature's moods. He makes the sun glint in the sky, the clouds scud before the breeze, the waves batter against the shore; but only at the expense of so many delectable qualities of composition, solid drawing and textural variety. If you are willing to dispense with all these qualities in return for the exhilaration of sun and wind that he gives—as though a window had been thrown open to the sky—then you will have no doubts about McTaggart's right to a place among the great painters of last century.

[Reproduction of the pictures illustrating this article is by permission of the Tate Gallery and the Corporation Art Gallery, Glasgow.]

Custom and Conduct

The Power of Custom

By HENRY A. MESS

IMITATION plays a very important part in human life. We imitate our own past actions and we imitate the actions of others. It is easier to do again what we have done before than to do something new; it is easier to do something that others have done than to do something different. We like to tread beaten paths; in this way we economise thought and emotion and effort. Human life would be intolerable if we had to think out for ourselves the way to do a thousand things which we have to do; or if we had to think them out afresh each time we did them. Fortunately we don't have to do so. Dressing and undressing, so difficult to a little child, have become automatic with us; and we can do them without thinking. So it is with many other activities, such as reading and writing, using electric switches, finding our way about the streets. All of these we do at first slowly and laboriously, but later on we do them without effort and without thought. They have become a habit.

Do You Use a 'Dolly' or a 'Poss'?

Custom is social habit. Groups of people do certain things in certain ways. How food is cooked, how clothes are washed, how houses are built, are matters of custom; anyone who has lived in several countries, or even in several parts of the same country, will know how different they can be. Take the washing of clothes: in London it is customary to clean them by rubbing them on a board; in Manchester they are poked round in a tub with a small instrument which is called a 'dolly'; in Northumberland and Durham the housewives use a large pestle, which is called a 'poss' and makes a noise like thunder. It is the custom; and it would not occur to the average housewife of the three districts that clothes *could* be washed in any other way than that in which she and her neighbours do it, and their mothers and grandmothers did it before them.

Custom can be of enormous tenacity: men and women go

on doing things just because they have been done in the past; and they do not enquire whether there is any longer a good reason, or whether there ever was one. The story is told of a Danish village church where it was a custom to bow when passing a certain spot in the wall. No one knew why, until someone scraped the whitewash away and found underneath a picture of the Madonna. Denmark has been Protestant for over three hundred years, but the old custom had survived. Some of our customs, such as the lighting of bonfires on New Year's Eve in certain villages—Allendale in Northumberland is one—go back thousands of years to pagan rites.

Customs are often very compelling. 'Last night', wrote a newspaper correspondent from India, 'I saw a just-married girl who was not a day over eight years old. She will co-habit with her husband before she is thirteen and will have a child before she is fourteen. The families concerned were low class, and to remonstrance merely replied "It is our custom"'. Custom is most coercive in primitive and ignorant communities; but its strength can be observed also in many a college common room.

Law arose out of the enforcement of custom by public opinion. Very often religious pressure is added; but the greatest strength of customs at any time consists in the fact that they are followed unconsciously. It does not occur to anyone to do otherwise than is done. It does not occur to a Manchester woman to wash clothes in any other way than with a 'dolly'; it does not occur to a Durham woman to use any other method than the poss-tub. There are a great many things which you and I do as a matter of course without asking ourselves why. It does not occur to us to eat mustard with mutton, or mint sauce with roast pork. But why not? Few of us could give a satisfactory reason. Why do men wear coats, waistcoats and trousers? Is it because after careful consideration they have come to the conclusion that coats, waistcoats and trousers make a convenient



Even the method of washing clothes may be dictated by custom: (left) the 'poss-tub' of Northumberland; (centre) the 'dolly' of Manchester; and (right) the washing-board of London

and agreeable costume? Not a bit of it; we wear them because it is the custom.

There are many breaches of custom which are not condemned by law or by religion, but which are forbidden by public opinion and punished by the disapproval of the community. We all know the word 'taboo'; in the South Sea Islands many things are forbidden by law, religion and public opinion; you must not eat certain fruits or mention certain words because 'It is taboo'. The English equivalent for 'taboo' is, 'It isn't done'. Every school has its 'taboo'; there are quite innocent things which you absolutely mustn't do, or else your schoolfellows will be down on you. At some of our universities you mustn't use a pair of sugar-tongs. It is not the custom; it isn't done; it is 'taboo'.

Customs in social intercourse are called 'manners', and there are all sorts of curious differences between different localities as to what are good manners. In this country it would be regarded as grossly bad table manners to pick up chicken bones with one's fingers; but there are European countries by no means backward or boorish, where it is done in quite good society. And after all we are allowed and expected to pick up asparagus with our fingers. Where is the difference?

Tyranny of Fashion

One form of imitation which we all know is what we call 'fashion'. A fashion is a short-lived custom, usually initiated by a few persons of great energy or social prestige, and rapidly adopted by a large part of the community. The sphere of fashion which comes to our mind at once is that of dress, especially women's dress. Long skirts, short skirts; high waists, low waists; bright colours, neutral colours; large hats, small hats; the changes come rapidly and without apparent reason. And how tyrannous fashion is. Few dare be out of the fashion; few want to be out of the fashion. Men bow to it as well as women: who would care to dress today as he dressed ten years ago? And if he went about the streets dressed as his grandfather used to dress fifty years ago, he would be stared at: if he went about in the costume of a hundred years ago there would soon be a crowd following him round. Yet it would be difficult to say that the costumes of today are either better or worse than those which have been discarded; though we do think that women's clothing is more hygienic than formerly. But, however that may be, the point is that we don't change the style of our garments at the dictates of reason; we change them in imitation of other people.

We think of fashion first of all in connection with clothes, but of course it extends to many other things as well—obviously to food and drink; the cocktail habit was unheard of a few years ago; but also to immaterial things, to ideas of all sorts. There is a fashion in children's names; of recent years we have had plenty of Peters and Michaels and Joans, but fewer Mary Anns than formerly.

And quite clearly there are fashions in political ideas. Just after the War there was a wave of Guild Socialism; today we hear very little about Guild Socialism. Now we hear a good

deal about the Douglas Credit Theory. Fifty years ago it was the Single Tax, Henry George's proposed tax on land, which was to be the great social remedy. I do not think it can be denied that these rapid and often temporary advances of political and economic theories are in the nature of a fashion; they spread by suggestion, they are received by imitation, and to a large extent they escape critical examination. This does not prove that they are false—or true: each ought to be examined on its merits like any other proposition; but it should make us healthily sceptical about rapid movements of opinion.

Similarly, as a professional social worker I am very conscious of the way in which public interest waxes and wanes. A few years ago everyone was talking about the distressed coalfields, but you couldn't get people in the South to realise the plight of the equally distressed shipbuilding towns; recently they have been tumbling over one another to help the shipyard towns, one of them in particular. There were long years when one talked in vain about housing, and nothing much seemed to happen; latterly, and we are thankful for it, the nation has become awake to the scandal of the slums. A year or two ago everyone was pressing for more and better occupation centres for unemployed men; at the present moment it is boys' clubs which are most in the limelight. Well, we can be thankful for all forms of interest; but one wishes often that public interest was steadier; progress would be more solid. But we just have to realise that there are fashions in social work as in other things.

Customs often last a very long time, but they do not last for ever; and it is interesting to see how they get altered. Growth in the size of a community may weaken, and ultimately destroy, a custom. When a village has grown into a large town, it is no longer possible to greet everyone you meet. Upton Sinclair tells, in one of his novels, of a Hungarian immigrant in Chicago, whose daughter is getting married. In the old village in the Carpathians it had been the custom to offer hospitality on the wedding day to every passer-by. You can imagine the result when he tried to do this in Chicago.

Result of Contact with other Civilisations

Contact with other civilisations does a great deal to break down the power of custom. The traveller learns that the ways of doing things with which he is familiar are not the only possible ways. The Englishman abroad for the first time discovers that stamps can be bought at a tobacconist's shop, that coffee and rolls can be regarded as an adequate breakfast, that daily consumption of wine can be a matter of course for quite poor people, that good Christians may go to a theatre on a Sunday, and a hundred other divergences between English and foreign ways. He may return convinced of the superiority of English ways, or the reverse, but at least he knows that there are other ways. And it may set him thinking out why we do things as we do.

Once that has occurred, the foundations have been laid for an analytical habit. Custom is no longer so strong as before. A certain number of men will now begin to think of possible

alternatives to any and every mode of conduct. They will become little children again, asking Why? Why? on every possible occasion. It is interesting to notice how the novelists and satirists attack custom. They frequently imagine a man being taken from our civilisation to some quite different civilisation: to this class of writings belong the Utopias, and



such romances as Mr. Wells' *First Men in the Moon*. Alternatively they imagine a visitor from some strange country. Mr. Lowes Dickinson imagined a Chinese gentleman making comments on Europe. Mr. Wells brings an Angel on to earth to ask disconcerting questions.

Why do clergymen wear black clothes? Why do we sit on chairs instead of sitting on the floor? Why is it considered polite to open the door for a lady but unnecessary to open it for her maid? Why do some men work hard and live hard whilst others do very little work and fare better? What right has a man to be allowed to call a wood his private property and to put barbed wire round it? All these questions—and many other very stimulating queries—are raised in Mr. Wells' delightful fantasy.

Much of our morality is customary, comparatively few persons think out for themselves why certain actions are right and other actions are wrong; the morality of most of us is either

taken on authority or is an almost unconscious following of others. The majority of Christians would find it hard to state a logical case against incest. Nor could they give an intelligent explanation of the particular Sunday observances which they follow. Sunday observance is a good example of the way in which customs vary from place to place and from age to age. It has been more rigid in Scotland than in England, more rigid in England than in most Protestant countries, more rigid in Protestant countries than in Roman Catholic countries, but the majority of Church members have not thought of the observance of Sunday as something flexible and adaptable; they have thought that their particular form of it was prescribed by God.

It is because so much of the morality of most good men is customary, because so little of it is based upon independent thought and resolve, that persons and groups of persons removed from their native communities are in special danger of deterioration. European colonies in Eastern cities tend to fall below the average morality of the old country. Members of African tribes removed from their homes and aggregated in the new and strange surroundings of an industrial area fall between two stools. They have lost the stiffening of their old tribal morality; they have not acquired the morality of Western civilisation.

Habituation, Begetter of Stability

Custom blinds us to the defects of things as they are. Men get used to noise, dirt, discomfort, insecurity, injustice, danger; to almost any condition of life which at first might seem intolerable. In our own time we have acquiesced for a number of years in a growing toll of road accidents; fortunately we are now becoming awake on the subject. The process by which men get used to their circumstances is called habituation, and it is a powerful agent in producing a new stability after a period of change. Habituation is a tremendous force. But there is something still stronger; and that is *never to have*



Mixed fashions: startling results of the 'Time Machine', which has introduced a nineteenth-century figure into a twentieth-century group, and *vice versa*

known anything different. Where degradation has taken place, there may be acceptance of the new bad way of life; but there will still be memories and often a latent rebelliousness to which an appeal can be made. To awake aspiration for a better life in those who have *never* known anything but bad conditions

is a much more difficult task. 'Born in the menagerie' is applicable to men as well as to animals; and only too many men do not strive for anything better because they have never known anything better and cannot imagine it.

The strength of customs is increased by their being interwoven with sentiments; doing things in certain ways has a pleasure of its own. We like familiar food, familiar manners, familiar modes of thought, familiar routines, partly because they are associated in our minds with familiar figures and tender memories. In religion, in politics, in business, in recreation, there are always many who like to go on doing things in the same old way year after year, and whose feelings are outraged if it is proposed to make a change.

Since we imitate so much, it is important what we imitate; and, therefore, patterns are of great importance. Patterns; models, plans, designs, recipes, are records of how things have been done and how they may be done again. Hundreds of articles in common use, such as jugs, spoons, brooms, bedsteads, knives are made from comparatively few patterns, which are used over and over again. So conservative is the human mind that it has only just been noticed after a century or two of use that it is possible to make a square teapot and to make *an umbrella short enough to pack into a suitcase*. Plans of houses are used with slight variations over wide areas; there is, for instance, a special kind of flat which is found in hundreds in the Tyneside towns but scarcely anywhere else. Most of our cooking follows traditional lines, and a great deal of it is taken from printed or written recipe books.

Immaterial things are made to pattern as well as material things. There are patterns in ideas as well as in chairs or spoons. There were three or four recognised models for charters in the Middle Ages; there were three or four leading types of Trade Union rules in the nineteenth century. The English Parliament has been the pattern for many legislative assemblies. The Ministry of Health and other Government departments perform a useful function when they issue model by-laws for the guidance of local authorities. Similarly, in the sphere of philanthropy, it is a recognised function of national bodies to prepare model constitutions, model rules, model accounts for their constituent bodies.

Pattern of the Family and the Pattern of War

In the sphere of the arts the influence of the pattern is equally observable; in music there are recognised forms such as the sonata or the fugue; in poetry we have the sonnet and the epic. There are recognised schools of painting. Custom is a strong force both in artistic composition and in appreciation of the product. New forms of art jar upon our taste, and it is only with an effort and in course of time that we can appreciate them. In conduct and demeanour, there are recognised pattern ideas. Thus 'gentleman' is a pattern idea which has played an important part in English life. Two sharply contrasted patterns have influenced some of our most important social relations; the pattern of family life and the pattern of war. If we take family life as our model, we think of industry and commerce as being mainly co-operative. But if we take war as our model we think of them as being fiercely competitive. In the same way we can think of the relations between nations in terms of struggle; in which case war is, as Clausewitz said, merely a continuation of policy. But we can also think, and we shall do better to think, of the relations of the nations as being moulded on the pattern of family life; in which case we speak of sister countries, of daughter nations, and of the family of nations. It is scarcely necessary to say that it matters immensely at the present moment which pattern we keep before our mind when we are shaping international policy—the pattern of struggle or the pattern of family life.

So rare has initiative been in the past as compared with imitation that it seems to one able group of anthropologists unlikely that human civilisations have sprung up independently of one another in different places and at different times. These

anthropologists—Professor Elliot Smith and Dr. W. J. Perry are the best known of them—think that practically all the beginnings of what we know as civilisation came about by the spreading of the patterns of one civilisation, that of Ancient Egypt. But I ought to warn you that many other anthropologists do not share their view.

Is it a good thing or a bad thing to follow custom? Well, that depends. Custom and imitation have the great advantage that they enable us to economise energy. Our unconscious minds take over a number of necessary duties and leave our conscious minds free for other and perhaps new activities. We could not make any progress at all if we had to bother every day with hundreds of decisions which we now make automatically. And custom is a very necessary support to morality; few men would be equal to the task of thinking out continually what they ought to do in each situation as it arose; fortunately, we have rules of conduct to guide us. All this is to the good. On the other hand, custom often prevents us from seeing the significance of what we are doing, and it may stand in the way of change. 'Stand in the ancient ways and look about you, and see whether there be any better'; that is the word of wisdom with regard to customs.

But it is first necessary to realise the extent to which one's life is shaped by custom. Here is an exercise for you. Watch yourself during the next twenty-four hours and see how many things you do just because it is the custom. You will be surprised to find how much of your life is shaped in that way. And then ask yourself in each case whether there is any good reason for the custom.

The enormous growth of National Savings during the first twenty-five years of the reign of King George V is the subject of a pamphlet written by Commander Stephen King-Hall and published by the National Savings Committee for distribution to savings associations. In a very few pages Commander King-Hall lucidly shows the connection between saving and spending, which he describes as being 'like the two sides of the same penny', and two pages of diagrams give a striking illustration of the increase of saving during the period. *Twenty-five Years of National Savings* is a useful reminder of the valuable work which is being done by those responsible for the organisation of the National Savings Movement.

Poem

May with its light behaving
Stirs vessel, eye, and limb;
The singular and sad
Are willing to recover,
And to the swan-delighting river
The careless picnics come,
The living white and red.

The dead remote and hooded
In their enclosures rest; and we
From the vague woods have broken,
Forests where children meet
And the white angel-vampires flit,
Stand now with shaded eye,
The dangerous apple taken.

The real world lies before us;
Animal motions of the young,
The common wish for death,
The pleased and the haunted;
The dying master sinks tormented
In the admirers' ring,
The unjust walk the earth.

And love that makes impatient
The tortoise and the roe, and lays
The blonde beside the dark,
Urges upon our blood,
Before the evil and the good
How insufficient is
The endearment and the look.

W. H. AUDEN

RADIO NEWS-REEL MAY 4-13

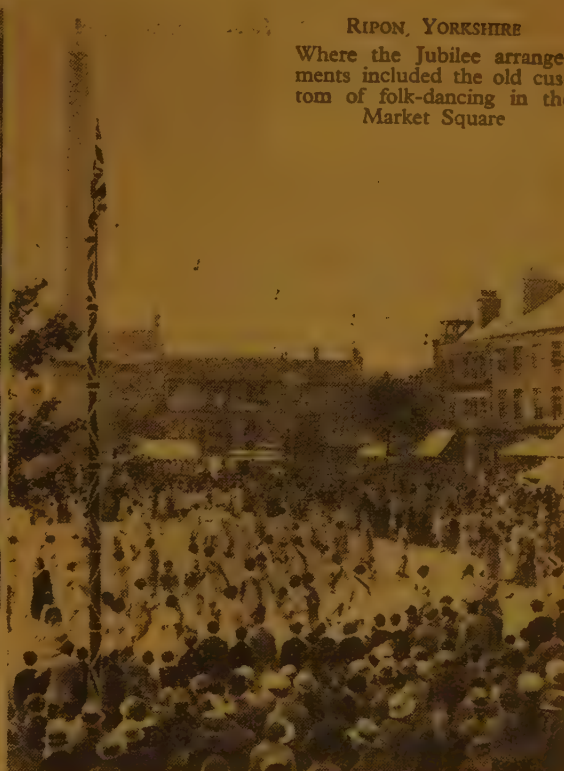
A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletin



PADDINGTON

The inhabitants of Dudley Street set out on a day of rejoicing

Jubilee Day Celebrations



RIPON, YORKSHIRE

Where the Jubilee arrangements included the old custom of folk-dancing in the Market Square



TINTERN ABBEY

A thanksgiving service was held in the open air among the ruins of Tintern Abbey, near Monmouth. It was the first service to be held in the Abbey after many centuries



EDINBURGH

The beacon on King Arthur's Seat was one of the largest in the country



ALDBURY, HERTS

Two of the oldest inhabitants celebrated the Jubilee in the old village stocks. They seem to have forgotten in the general rejoicing that the stocks were once used as a punishment for drunkenness



ON THE PALACE BALCONY

The King and Queen with members of the Royal Family appear on the balcony of Buckingham Palace after the return of the Procession from St. Paul's

The Silver Jubilee



IN THE CATHEDRAL

A picture taken during the Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's



UNDER THE ADMIRALTY ARCH

Crowds thronging Trafalgar Square as the Procession returns from the Service and passes under the Admiralty Arch into the Mall



AT THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL

A photograph taken from Buckingham Palace as the Procession sets out

OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S

On the right: the arrival of the Royal carriage at the steps of the Cathedral





THE 'NORMANDIE'

A view of the new 79,000 ton French liner, *Normandie*, taken at night at St. Nazaire. She is just nine feet longer than the *Queen Mary*, and was launched in October, 1932. On May 4 of this year she was moved from the quayside to dock, and last Thursday she underwent her official speed tests off Lorient. She attained a speed of 31.7 knots, and the French press believes that with such a speed she will make a record crossing of the Atlantic



"FRANCO-SOVIET PACT"

M. Potemkin, the Soviet Ambassador in Paris, signing the new Franco-Soviet Pact at the Quay d'Orsay. M. Laval, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, is looking on



TANKS ON PARADE

On May 9, a Jubilee Parade of a large part of the mechanised army was held on Salisbury Plain. The vehicles which took part included tanks, artillery tractors, six-wheeled armoured cars, and baby-cars used for scouting purposes

Below: YUGOSLAV ELECTIONS

The Premier, M. Yevtitch, addressing an open-air meeting near Liubliana. The elections resulted in a win for the government, which polled over a million and a half votes, against less than a million votes for all the opposition parties



IN WESTMINSTER HALL

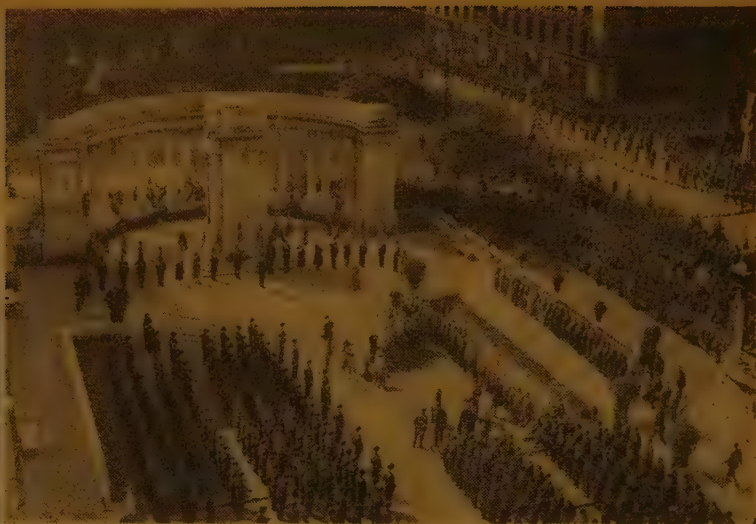
At 12 o'clock on Thursday, May 9, the King was present at Westminster Hall to receive the addresses of both Houses of Parliament. In the course of his reply to the addresses the King said: 'Beneath these rafters of mediaeval oak, the silent witness of historic tragedies and pageants, we celebrate the present under the spell of the past. It is to me a source of pride and thankfulness that the perfect harmony of our Parliamentary system, with our constitutional monarchy, has survived the shocks that have in recent years destroyed other Empires and other liberties.'





SATURDAY—CHILDREN'S DAY

Saturday saw the first of the four processional drives which the King and Queen are making through different parts of London. By the King's own initiative the stands in the Mall and on Constitution Hill were reserved for children from the L.C.C. schools. Everywhere the children were given places in front or were passed forward over the heads of the crowd. The picture above shows some of them waiting outside Buckingham Palace for the King to arrive



BELFAST

The Duke of Gloucester visited Northern Ireland on Saturday and attended a parade of the British Legion in the garden of the City Hall



CARDIFF

The Prince of Wales represented the King at Saturday's celebrations in South Wales. The streets were brilliantly decorated, and the sun shone on the cheering crowds as the Royal procession drove from the station to the City Hall. He is here seen leaving his carriage to review the Guard at Cathays Park



EDINBURGH

The Duchess of York releasing pigeons at the youth rally at Murrayfield on Saturday

SMITHFIELD STRIKE

Below: Clerical staff unloading meat at Smithfield during the lightning strike of the regular "pitchers" on May 7



REBORN DEVELOPMENT—A NEW BILL

On May 7 the Marquess of Londonderry introduced a Bill into the House of Lords designed to restrict 'ribbon development' of the kind illustrated above. The first clause gives the Highway Authorities power to adopt standard widths for roads, ranging from 60 to 160 feet, and forbids new building nearer to the middle of the road than one-half the standard width adopted. The second requires builders to get the assent of the Highways Board before putting up any building or providing any means of access within 220 feet of the middle of a classified road

Jubilee Impressions

From Talks Broadcast in Home and Empire Programmes

How Edward Halliday saw the Procession:

AT 9 o'clock the cars bearing guests to the Cathedral began to converge on to the Strand and Fleet Street, and soon there was a continuous stream of vehicles of all shapes and sizes moving between the crowded pavements and buildings. Great shining Rolls-Royces, with cargoes of scarlet and gold; an open car with Indian potentates—this brought a great cheer from the crowd; a tiny Austin Seven driven by a Field-Marshal, or somebody—the cock's feathers in his hat fluttering through the sunshine roof. An old—very old—touring car, all clean and bright for the occasion, bearing gorgeously uniformed figures. But mostly long gleaming cars with footmen and large identification letters.

The cars began to thin. A boy with a shovel comes out and spreads more sand on the roadway. Bells begin to peal in the distance, and a band close by strikes up 'I'm happy when I'm hiking' and 'Pack up your troubles', and everyone sings lustily. The roof-tops are now lined with people, and every inch of pavement is crowded. Shop windows display row upon row of spectators. A youth has climbed out on to a precarious pediment, to the general amazement. The sanded road is empty. The stage waits. Suddenly along comes a telegraph boy who insists on delivering his telegram to an office close by. The crowd roars its delight.

Then, away in the distance the commands to present arms ring out—they come nearer and nearer—until 'Here comes the Speaker's coach'—and the great gilded carriage, with its two enormous horses, goes billowing past like an old galleon. Another wait. Then the Dominion Premiers; and then the Prime Minister, with his daughter. Terrific cheers. And then the boy with the sand again. No one seems happier than that sandboy.

It is nearly eleven, and excitement has grown to fever-heat. Here come the Duke and Duchess of York—how the crowd yells and waves, and how sweetly the two little Princesses bow and wave back. And now the Duke of Kent and his Duchess—she holding her large hat with one upraised arm, and bowing and smiling. Then the Prince of Wales, preceded by Life Guards. He wears a tall busby, and talks busily to his aunt, the Queen of Norway, and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester. Down the street a dog comes racing along, terrified, and policemen are popping out here and there trying to intercept it. And then, as the Dragoons and the Lancers go prancing by, and gun-carriages go rattling past and finally the great open coach, bearing their smiling Majesties, comes into sight, hats are flung into the air, and cheer after cheer goes up. The great moment has arrived.

Only a glimpse, and they are gone, towards the pealing bells and the waiting congregation in St. Paul's.

As Commander Stephen King-Hall saw it, from the commentator's box at St. Paul's Cathedral:*

Hundreds of motor-cars coming up Ludgate Hill bearing admirals, generals, air-marshals, politicians, bishops, ambassadors, Ministers, people dressed in gorgeous uniforms of every imaginable kind, evening clothes or court dress. Very remarkable to see how eight City policemen keep quite cool and sort out this tangle of expensive-looking motor-cars. Policemen are much more calm and collected than people in cars, some of whom begin to get out in the road for fear of being late in getting into the Cathedral.

Jolly crowd of people on roof keep on waving to me. Here come the Speaker's coach, a tremendous great thing drawn by two horses. It comes at walking pace. I make some notes about this. (Perhaps you have heard what I said about it during my broadcast.) Then come the Prime Ministers. Miss MacDonald, in blue, is sitting next to her father, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. I know her quite well and feel like saying: 'Hallo! Miss MacDonald!'—but suddenly remember I have been warned that the microphone may become alive at any moment. Now things begin to happen very quickly. . . . Suddenly I hear the broadcast beginning at Temple Bar, and the cheering is so

tremendous we cannot hear on our headphones exactly what is being said. This is going to be very awkward.

I have now finished the notes of what I am going to say in the first part of my broadcast, or what I think I am going to say. My secretary has been typing them, sitting squeezed up in a corner of top of the typewriter box. Two tiny lamps are hanging close to my face; suddenly they light up. The awful moment has arrived. Am I going to find my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth? No—marvellous to relate, I seem to be talking quite naturally. I just catch a glimpse of immense relief on the face of my friend from the B.B.C. Suddenly, much sooner than I expected, the lights begin to flicker as a signal that the King and Queen have reached Ludgate Circus. I quickly turn broadcast over to distant microphones. Forty seconds later the little lights go on again; I start once more. I know I must talk until the Royal Guard give the salute. . . . Ah! There they go. I stop. Immediately after the trumpets have been blown I start again, and end as the procession begins to move in the Cathedral. The first part is over.

What Impressed an Australian (Dr. Keith Barry):

Jubilee Impressions? How can one put into words the enormous canvas that has been painted these last few hours? A few things stick uppermost in the mind.

Firstly, absurdly enough, an enormous cauliflower in a greengrocer's shop just off Shaftesbury Avenue, covered with three broad stripes of red, white and blue. Oxford Street devoid of vehicles, but with people so thick in it that even human traffic became jammed and impossible. A poverty-stricken back street in the East End, where almost every house was decorated. An inescapable feeling when the Royal coaches came along in the procession that one was back in childhood days and was seeing in the flesh those beautiful fairy princesses and that kindly but stately king and queen of our story books. It was that light, colourful pageantry you never thought to see in real life.

And there is one moment I shall never forget. I was walking up Piccadilly some time after the procession had passed, and just as the loudspeakers were letting us all hear the end of the Thanksgiving service. Suddenly the organ and congregation of St. Paul's began the National Anthem and two or three miles away in Piccadilly everything stood still. Cars stopped as if by magic; no man's foot stirred, hats were doffed and the road of London traffic melted away. The anthem over, someone in the crowd called for Cheers for the King. It was a marvellous two minutes.

A glimpse of Cornwall:

At Land's End they are just getting ready to light the first beacon, which we passed this morning as we set out to see how Cornwall was keeping the Jubilee. Little lonely cottages, which were being hung with lights as we went by on our way out last night, made a brave show this morning with flags of all countries and of none. At Truro, almost the whole town seemed to have crowded into the tall cathedral for a special Thanksgiving Service, to which the Mayor and representatives of various organisations from the City came in procession as we passed through. We drove on through villages like Little Petherick, where check table cloths were being used as banners—and the mining township of Redruth, where almost every house was decorated. Then over the moors to Bodmin, where one family had hung out the dining room carpet to honour the King. But it was perhaps the little river-side ports of South Cornwall which made the bravest display. There, ships' signalling flags had been temporarily withdrawn from their proper use and pressed into service to help the decorations, and at Fowey, small yachts and large steamers, not to mention the ferry, were hung with flags of every conceivable colour.

On the south bank of the Tyne:

Believe me, it is in some of these hard-hit areas that I found the most affecting demonstration of loyalty. For the past week the people have been scrubbing streets and back lanes to make them presentable for today, and hunting out Union Jacks and

*Broadcast in the Children's Hour on May 10

pennants that were bought on Mafeking Night, and drooping them across the chimneys, over the clothes lines, and out of scullery windows. Nearly every lane has its 'God bless them both' signs. And it is not as if the Jubilee has resulted in the great increase in employment: it just has not. It so happens that the men and women who have benefited most are those who have had past experience of the catering trade, and they have been taken on for the extra business rush this week.

I hunted out one of these men who has been found work. I said to him, 'I want your honest opinion about this Jubilee'. He said this: 'Listen, friend; I have been out of work for five years—I have a wife and kiddies; this Jubilee has been a sort of Godsend to me, and I will never, never forget it'. Very well. Then I had a word with a shipyard fitter who has been out of work for eight years. He was rather truculent. He said: 'Son, if you have come down here for sensational news about lack of patriotism, you're wasting your time. See? I just wish to God that we felt as bright on every day as we do today: besides, it's given my wife something else to talk about'.

Mr. Dingle Foot, M.P., describes the scene in Westminster Hall, on Thursday, May 9:

The sound of Big Ben striking twelve had scarcely died away when the trumpets sounded and the King and Queen

came in through the strangers' entrance. The King, too, was in morning dress, the Queen in white. They were escorted to their thrones by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the first Commissioner of Works. Then the Addresses were read, by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker.

When the King rose to reply, some of his audience would have risen also, but with a gesture His Majesty motioned them back to their seats. The passage in his speech which made the greatest impression on my mind, and also I think on the minds of my fellow Members, was when he used these words: 'In these days when fear and preparation for war are again astir in the world, let us be thankful that quiet government and peace prevail over so large a part of the earth's surface and that under our flag of freedom so many millions eat their bread in far distant lands and climates with none to make them afraid'.

All three speeches had been heard in complete silence, and it was not until the end of the ceremony that the rank and file of either House had the opportunity to make themselves heard. That opportunity came when the Lord Chancellor called for three cheers for the King and then three more for the Queen. Then Their Majesties passed down the Hall and out into New Palace Yard.

Teaching Men to be Free

(Continued from page 816)

unnatural conditions created by the industrial revolution in great towns have frightened the schools away from everyday life. But, at least in rural areas, let us not be afraid to let our schoolboys and girls mix freely in the life around them out of school hours. Let us not apply restrictive by-laws about child employment, which are necessary in urban areas, too strictly to the life of the countryside and the farm.

The truth is that it is not beyond our power to create a society in the future in which men will be more free in their work and much more free in their leisure than they have been during the last hundred years. That is the aim of all schools of political thought, whether we are individualists or socialists or believers in the co-operative commonwealth. But, if we are to create such a society, we must believe in our power to create its citizens. For a free society is made by its citizens; it is not only in a slave State that the citizens are made by the society. We have been too bookish in our education because we dreamt that books could emancipate a man from the machine and from the life around him. Other countries like Germany have gone much further than us in this direction, only to find that a secondary school matriculation certificate may be a qualification for unemployment rather than for employment. In any society, however civilised, the demand for bookish men is small. Rousseau realised that nearly two hundred years ago, and we are realising it afresh today.

But a free man, though he need not be bookish, must know how to use books. He must know how to get the meaning of of the printed page. Here we come to the second part of the answer: how schools can teach men to think for themselves. The past hundred years has been the age of the diffusion of knowledge, and the microphone is a symbol of how rapidly science is still providing ever new opportunities for its diffusion. But widely diffused knowledge may be very like the output of a mass-production factory; it may result in our thinking standardised thoughts, as we sit on standardised chairs in the standardised parlour of a standardised cottage. Certainly, among all the remarkable features of the modern world, the most remarkable is that never before have teachers and psychologists talked more about encouraging the free development of the child in the school, and never, perhaps, has any society exhibited less real originality of mind.

One expects defenders of things as they are to have standardised ideas, but today it is the revolutionary ideas that seem to be the most made to pattern. It is those who call themselves freethinkers who seem most unable to think freely. Those who wish to shatter the present sorry scheme of things to bits do not seem to want to remould it nearer to *their* heart's desire, but only nearer to some official revolutionary blue-print. We none of us want the adventurous or the strange, least of all the

young men. We all have the watch-dog mentality that barks indiscriminately at anything that is unfamiliar to us. One watch-dog may bark at all tramps, another at all men in frock-coats; but their mental level is the same.

One reason for this is surely that the educationists have got things upside down. In dealing with young children in the infant and primary school classes, we are all for free development. And then, as a child gets older, we squeeze him more and more strictly into the mould of secondary school entrance examinations and school certificate examinations, till all his freedom oozes out of him. We start him with as few books as possible, teaching him arithmetic with beads and so on; and then we pin his mind within the four corners of history text-books or English literature text-books or chemistry text-books. This is to free education at the wrong end. Education ought to get freer as the child grows older. At the beginning of all knowledge, one has to go through the dull business of learning how to use one's tools. Tools must be standardised. There is no point in leaving a child free, as it were, to make his saw and his plane for himself, only to find when he comes to the carpentry bench that his tools won't cut. But, when he has been given the tools and has learnt how to use them, then should come encouragement to use them more and more freely—to read what interests him, not to read up what some examiner is likely to ask him.

There is one other thing necessary to free thought, which I think one can only get from books. One must not only learn how to think straight; one must also have something to think about. One must have, not only the tools of thought, but the material for thought. And the material for thought is experience. Our own experience is perhaps the most valuable material, but it is not enough; we need the experience of mankind. That is the real function of books, to convey experience and the ideas which experience suggests. But how often in the school courses of today—or even the university courses—does a student get the opportunity of reading for experience or for ideas? At best our reading does not go far enough back: consequently, thought is freest today about physics and biology, because those subjects are being discussed and written about all round us more thoroughly than ever before. Thought is least free about politics and sociology and religion, for man's keenest experiences and freshest ideas in those fields were recorded and discussed hundreds of years ago.

Let me end by making one remark. Free men are men who can work for themselves and think for themselves—in one word, men who can live their own life. Possessing their own life, they can voluntarily give it for the service of others. He that thus loseth his life shall indeed find it in its fulness; but in order thus to lose it, it must be in his power to keep it or to dedicate it. That is the gospel of freedom.

The Dominions and the Jubilee

Extracts from talks broadcast on May 7 and 8 respectively by the Right Hon. G. W. Forbes, Prime Minister of New Zealand, and the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada

I HAVE come to London on a very historic occasion. The days through which we are now passing, particularly yesterday, will, in the years to come, occupy a foremost place in our Empire history. I count it a great privilege and honour to represent New Zealand at this great gathering in the heart of the Empire, and to be the bearer to Their Majesties of a message of loyalty and affection from the people of our Dominion. The ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday, at which, with your own Prime Minister and the Prime Ministers of the other British Dominions, I had an honoured place, and the wonderful demonstrations of spontaneous loyalty and unrestrained rejoicing which greeted Their Majesties in their progress to and from the Cathedral through historic decorated streets, will always remain a vivid memory.

In my own country—loyal New Zealand—there were yesterday equally sincere and spontaneous demonstrations, and it has been the same in every part of the Empire. All British communities and peoples have by these celebrations declared themselves happy and fortunate under our gracious and wise Monarch, and with our constitutional system of government.

And now a few words about New Zealand, of whose present problems I have been asked to speak this evening. In a sense our problems in the past few difficult years have been similar to your own. We have suffered severely from the economic depression which swept over the world. We felt the full force of the depression, because New Zealand depends almost entirely for her wealth and revenue upon the products of the soil, and primary products have suffered the most severely from falling prices. As you may know, we export chiefly butter and cheese, lamb and mutton, and wool, and in respect to all these commodities we have so successfully applied our industry and enterprise that we stand in the forefront of world-exporting countries. Some idea can thus be formed of the severity of the blow when, four or five years ago, prices for these goods suddenly fell to unprecedented levels.

Industry at once suffered, and unemployment—virtually non-existent in New Zealand—became an acute problem also. Work to provide means of sustenance had to be found for those unable to obtain employment. Serious unforeseen losses in State revenue had to be provided for, and yet development, so necessary in a young country like ours, had to go on. As in Britain, a Coalition Government was formed, the more effectively to deal with the urgent problems of State.

Today we are emerging from our difficulties. The prices for some of our commodities have improved, though our dairy farmers are still realising less than payable prices for their butter and cheese. Dairying is the dominant industry of the Dominion, and its present uneconomic condition greatly retards our recovery. With it all, however, the State finances have improved, and at the end of our last financial year, March 31 last, the Finance Minister, Mr. Coates, was able to produce a Budget with a fairly substantial surplus.

There are signs of recovery also in a progressive increase in the value of our exports, and particularly in our imports. No doubt the better times prevailing in Britain have had materially to do with this progress, because Britain is the chief market for all our primary products, and it is from Britain also that we import by far the largest percentage of our manufactured goods. Indeed, in reference to my last remark, I could say that, small as is our population, we today vie with the leading countries of Europe in the total value of the manufactured goods we take from you.

For the past year or two New Zealand has been earnestly engaged in re-planning her primary industries on the soundest possible basis, namely, by improvement in quality and reduction in the cost of production, particularly in overhead charges. It is hoped, even with marketing difficulties that are still present, that markets for a progressive increase of output will be found, and that the Dominion will be able to continue her normal development, and to provide also profitable settlement in the future for people from the Mother Country.

RT. HON. G. W. FORBES

IT is a great privilege and honour to represent the people of Canada at the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty. The ceremonies attendant upon this happy occasion have deeply impressed us all: they have been the outpouring of a people's love and respect for a noble King and a gracious Queen. We in Canada do not yield pride of place to the inhabitants of these Islands in loyal devotion and good wishes to His Majesty. We are British subjects of the Crown, in Canada, sharing the same privileges of that honourable and proud status with the citizens of the United Kingdom. We owe allegiance to the same Sovereign, the visible symbol of our membership in the Family of Nations which compose the British Empire. It is a goodly fellowship, this Imperial community under the leadership of our King, and Canada is proud to be part of it.

The twenty-five years of His Majesty's reign have been no less momentous for the Dominion of Canada than for other parts of the Empire. It has been for us, as for you, a period of stress, strain and anxiety, with far-reaching political, social and economic changes. Politically, the reign of His Majesty marks our development into nationhood—a development which is the direct result of our sacrifices on the fields of France and Flanders, and is consecrated by the blood of 60,000 of the bravest and best of our manhood. It is our pride, however, and a tribute to the political genius of the British peoples that, while Canada has become a nation, she remains a nation under the Crown and within the British Empire. Our constitutional development has strengthened both our allegiance to the King and the bonds of kinship with his subjects in other parts of the Empire.

In economic and material development, the King's reign has also been for Canada a period of significant progress. We have, however, learned the lesson that progress, to be sound, should be steady rather than spectacular; and our growth has of recent years proceeded on that basis rather than on the rash assumptions of previous years.

The uncertainty of foreign markets under present conditions is one reason why the nations of the Empire should do everything possible to develop inter-Empire trade. It is this idea which inspired the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa in 1932, and which lies at the back of the agreements resulting from that Conference. From these agreements there has followed an expansion of inter-Empire trade which becomes all the more significant when contrasted with the prevailing stagnation of world trade. Canada, in common with the other Dominions, has greatly increased her exports to the United Kingdom. At the same time, the imports of British goods into the Dominion have also shown an encouraging increase.

The population of Canada is less than one-quarter that of Great Britain, and our import requirements are, therefore, small as compared with yours. Nevertheless, last year 22 per cent. of those requirements were obtained from these Islands. Your imports of Canadian goods in 1934, though greater in the aggregate than our imports of British goods, constituted less than 7 per cent. of your total imports. To put it another way: each individual Canadian bought United Kingdom goods last year to the value of £1 18s.; the individual inhabitant here purchased Canadian goods to the value of £1 2s. We are grateful indeed to the people of these Islands for the way in which they have carried out the Ottawa agreements. At the same time, we feel that any fair-minded British citizen who analyses the situation will admit that, having regard to the economic depression and our geographical position, Canada also has done her part.

All these things have an important bearing on national and Imperial economic problems. In the solution of these problems the Ottawa agreements have played their part. We in Canada cheerfully admit that without them we could not have weathered so successfully the storm of the economic depression. We realise, however, that these agreements to serve the Empire must be mutually beneficial and not one-sided in their advantages. We believe that they have been mutually beneficial and are not one-sided—that they are a foundation on which a great superstructure of Empire trade can be erected.

RT. HON. R. B. BENNETT

Religion

Church and King

By the Rev. ANTHONY C. DEANE

Broadcast by the Canon of St. George's, Windsor, on May 12

YOU will hardly need to be reminded how from the earliest ages kingship has been regarded as an essentially sacred office. When you think of the stories in the Old Testament, you remember how kings, just as much as priests, were solemnly consecrated for their work, and their persons, as well as their office, had a special sanctity. 'How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thy hand to destroy the Lord's anointed?' exclaims David to the Amalekite who had slain the first King of Israel. The same lofty idea of kingship as a sacred office persists in the New Testament. 'Fear God; honour the King' is its teaching, and a precept of that kind given to the Christian Church becomes the more striking when we recollect that the King when these words were written was Nero.

King as Symbol of God's Power and Protection

Yet that very fact helps us to understand one of the two main ideas underlying the existence of kingship. The first idea is this. Deep down in men's hearts is belief in a Divine power governing this world. Of that Divine power the King was meant to be the human symbol. He is that by virtue of his office, and the character of the post he holds is not affected by his personal qualities. He may be as rightly beloved as is the present monarch of our realm today. He may be as detestable personally as was Nero of Rome or John of England. But the personal character of a man holding an office is one thing; the religious character of the office he holds is quite another. The office of king from the first was regarded as sacred because that office embodied the belief that all power is derived from God. With this is linked the idea of symbolising the eternal dominion of God by the continuity of kingship. Coronation, as you know, consecrates but does not make a King; he becomes King from the instant when his predecessor dies, so that not for an instant is the throne vacant. Contrast that with the changes of rule by party government, with the passing of Presidents and Prime Ministers, and you feel the difference. In kingship is something higher and more durable than the mandate of an election or the triumph of a faction. It has a continuing stability which is the best symbol possible to man of God's eternal rule, the symbol of the mystical foundation on which human society rests.

Then the second great idea underlying kingship as a sacred office is this. God is not only the ultimate Ruler of the human race, but its Guardian and Protector. Of this truth also the King was meant from the earliest times to be the symbol and embodiment. His office was sacred because it represented the principle of God's rule; it was sacred also because it represented the principle of God's protection. By the divine grace, the King was to be the Father of his people, guarding every section of them against wrong and injustice. It was his task to uphold those whose property was wrongly threatened, in particular to preserve the poor from oppression, to see that the blessings of religion were available for all, to see that no ecclesiastical claims of government infringed the just laws of the State, and equally to see that the State did not harm the property or invade the spiritual rights and work of the Church.

Safeguard of Constitutional Government

Such is the theory of kingship. He is God's minister, typifying the twin ideas of the Divine authority and the Divine guardianship which control and protect the human race. Of course the original idea was differently developed in different countries. In some the paternal, the guardianship, idea was almost lost, and the idea of personal rule developed on the wrong lines until it degenerated into an autocratic and ruthless tyranny. In England we were more fortunate. No doubt we have had bad monarchs as well as good, foolish monarchs as well as wise, monarchs who misinterpreted the nature of their office as well as those who have fully realised its true character. But as a safeguard in this country, as a help to good kings and a check to bad ones, there emerged at an early stage the idea of constitutional government. This in no way lessened the unique

and sacred character of the kingly office. But it recognised and indeed was based upon the Divine law of service. It felt that the King would best fulfil his sacred obligations, would be the best ruler and guardian of his people, if he did not merely issue decrees to them but acted in concert with them, retaining the last word, so that nothing could become law without his consent, yet at every turn keeping in touch with them and being able to carry out their wishes through their representatives in Parliament.

I hope all this does not sound terribly dry and abstract. But it really is worth while, after this magnificent week of celebrations, to dive down for a few minutes into the reasons behind them all, to discern the theory of kingship which has shaped our national life through long centuries, to remind ourselves what the office of king really means. It is not just a political convenience. The English Sovereign is no mere figurehead or State official. No mere change of title but the destruction of a fundamental idea that goes down to the foundations of our history and our beliefs would be involved had we no King but only a President. For the King's office is sacred. He holds it; as every coin in your pocket reminds you, *Dei gratia*, by the grace of God. And *that*, and not merely our gladness that our beloved Sovereign has occupied the throne for a quarter of a century, is the real reason why the central point of the Jubilee celebrations was a service in St. Paul's.

To be, under God, the ruler and guardian of all his people—how tremendous a responsibility was this! And so, from the earliest times, it was felt that the King needed spiritual help for it—he should be set apart and consecrated. He must become a minister of the Church as well as of the State. Of course the King's ministry in the Church is of a different kind from that of a bishop, priest, or deacon, but it is an equally real ministry, and indeed there are many points of resemblance between the Coronation service of English use and the service for the consecration of a bishop.

Ritual of the Coronation Service

Let us look for a few moments at the Coronation service. In every way it's tremendously interesting. Bishop Westcott of Durham once wrote 'It is a grave loss that this service is not printed as an Appendix to the Prayer-book', and I am sure he was right. For one thing, it does help us to realise what this England of ours is, how deeply rooted in history are its customs and institutions. In all its essentials, the service used at the Coronation of our present King is eleven centuries old. It was used in Saxon times, in Norman, in Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart times, and so onwards. In all its richness and elaboration it came through the Reformation unchanged; it was used in Latin for Elizabeth, and translated into English for James I. In some moods, the affairs of the moment seem tremendously important, but in other moods, how short a time a century seems, how enduring is England—yes, and England's Church! Henry VIII knew the ritual of this service, and Charles I, and here are the bodies of both, in one small vault, in St. George's at Windsor. And the Statutes which today govern us who are members of that Collegiate Chapel were given us in 1352 by the command of Edward III. How impossible it should be to imagine that the English Church began to exist in the reign of Henry VIII!

Perhaps it is rather unfortunate that the service we are thinking of should be called the 'Coronation Service', for the crowning is only one feature in it, not more important really than others, such as the anointing. The Archbishop anoints the King on head, breast, and hands, saying in the first instance 'Be thy head anointed with Holy Oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed'. Many other beautiful and deeply symbolic rites follow. Thus the sword with which the King is girt is placed upon the altar and there blessed before it is given to the King. Then after he has been arrayed in special vestments, he receives the Orb—a globe surmounted by a cross—

with the words: 'When you see the Orb thus set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ the Redeemer'. The use of the Orb, by the way, only began with James II, and probably its symbolism is the same as that of the cross-bearing sceptre. This, the sceptre with the cross, is described in the service as 'the ensign of kingly power and justice'. This is placed in the King's right hand. Then in his left hand is placed a second sceptre, crowned with a dove, described as 'the rod of equity and mercy'. Cranmer calls it 'the sceptre with the Holy Ghost on top', and its use has been continuous since the days of Edward the Confessor, on one of whose seals it is shown.

A Regulative and Protective Office

With that picture in our minds, we shall be better able, I think, to understand what is the real relationship between King and Church. Remember that this conception of the King as the guardian of all his subjects and their rights was very vivid in the early stages of our national history. It had nothing to do with mistaken notions about 'the divine right of kings' developed in Tudor and Stuart times. In the Middle Ages kings of England never claimed the right to interfere with the purely spiritual work of the Church. From the earliest times the line was drawn which is still defined in our 37th Article of Religion: 'We give not to our princes the ministering either of God's word or of the sacraments'. On the other hand, it was the King's function to see that the Church did the work appointed her by God, and to interfere if she failed. In this sense he could rightly claim to be the Church's supreme governor—not to interfere with spiritual functions, but to see that they were duly exercised, and that all his subjects were not, on the one hand, wronged by false temporal claims made by the Church, or, on the other hand, deprived by the Church's negligence of the spiritual service to which they were entitled. Equally it was the King's duty as guardian to protect the Church against civil encroachment, to take care that its rights and possession were made stable—which is the meaning of 'established'—by law, to defend it against interference from foreign prince or bishop, or again at home from ignorant agitators or an ill-informed Parliament. In short, the task of the King, as a loyal son of the Church, consecrated by it for his great office, was regulative and protective. He was to see that the Church did not suffer either from outside assault or from internal failure to perform its tasks. And he had to see also that his subjects were not deprived of that care for their souls to which they were entitled.

Right of All Men to Services of the Parish Priest

This leads me to say a word or two about the conception of a National Church, which is often misunderstood. It has nothing to do, except quite incidentally, with the attendance of bishops in the House of Lords or other details of that sort. Any special privileges the National Church had were only bestowed as a means of enabling it to perform efficiently special duties. The fundamental idea beneath it was this. Men and women had spiritual needs. It was the business of the Church to satisfy those needs. It was the business of the King to arrange, with the assistance of Parliament, that the Church should be in a position to do this. From days before the Conquest, therefore, the parochial system had existed, with a person, a 'parson', a representative of the Church's ministry, in each district. And everyone had, and has still, a common-law right to the services of his parish parson. At no time was there exact identity of belief, but there was a time when the State tried to enforce uniformity. Afterwards it abandoned that mistaken idea, exchanging it for the ideal of religious liberty. Today a large proportion of the inhabitants of this country are attached to other religious bodies than the National Church, or stand apart from all. None the less, whether he chooses to avail himself of it or not—that is entirely his own affair—every Christian in the country has a right, a right which the law will enforce, to the services of the local representative of the National Church. Wherever he may live, he is in the district for which one of them is responsible. However remote or isolated his home, it is in the territory of some parson whom he is entitled to consult and make use of whenever he pleases. In point of fact a great many parsons realise fully their obligations as the officials of the National Church, and don't limit

their social and other services to members of their own denomination. It was a system in which from the first the Church and State combined. The bishops were responsible for supervising the work of the parochial clergy; the King nominated—though of course he could not consecrate—the Bishops who were to act as supervisors. Thus the nomination of Bishops by the Crown is not so illogical as people are apt to imagine.

There was, however, one short period of twenty years when undoubtedly the Crown trespassed on the rights of the Church, claiming a spiritual jurisdiction to which it was not entitled. This was between 1534 and 1554. Henry VIII in his earlier days, as you will remember, was on the friendliest terms with the Pope. In 1521 he read Martin Luther's tract *On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, and composed in Latin an answer to it. This was the sort of thing almost anyone could have written, being mostly made up of stock quotations and arguments. Yet it is remarkable to notice the special zeal with which the author—Henry VIII, remember—upholds the sanctity of marriage and insists how loyal and considerate a husband should be to his wife. Henry sent a copy, bound in cloth-of-gold, to the Pope, who professed himself delighted, and formally conferred on Henry the title of *Fidei Defensor*, 'Defender of the Faith'. That title was retained by succeeding English monarchs, and you will still find it, in the contracted form *Fid. Def.*, on any penny or half-crown you happen to have in your pocket.

'Supreme Governor'—Not 'Supreme Head'

Ten years later Henry had quarrelled on domestic and political grounds with the Pope, and determined to be his own Pope in England. Accordingly he styled himself 'Supreme Head of the Church', and soon proceeded to interfere in a quite unwarrantable way with spiritual affairs. But when Elizabeth came to the throne, she definitely refused to take the title of Supreme Head, as making a false claim. Instead, she chose to be styled 'Supreme Governor', explaining that this meant her right to protect all persons, civil or ecclesiastical, against any claims made by a foreign power. Henry had asserted his authority to decide all controversies about belief; Elizabeth with her own hand inserted in the revised version of the Articles the statement that 'the Church hath authority in controversies of faith'. The Crown has supreme authority in all ecclesiastical as in all civil causes, but interference with the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church has never been claimed successfully by any English monarch except Henry VIII, and by him only during the latter part of his reign.

In the Coronation Service the King is asked:

'Will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of England. . . . And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?' And he replies 'All this I promise to do'. It is needless to say how well our present gracious King has fulfilled the promise, how consistently by example as well as by word he has upheld Christian life and Christian worship as the very basis of national well-being. The more we study the history of Church and King, the more proud we shall be of the past, the more hopeful about the future of an alliance that is a part of our national heritage. We shall realise, too, that, if the Church of England is great, the Church in England, the community of all Christian folk in this dear land of ours, whatever their denominational differences, is something vastly greater. You know how our King has recognised this fact, how tolerant and broad-minded he has shown himself, how eager to welcome Christian work and progress by whatever denomination it be achieved.

So, without false pride but with profound thankfulness, we may look back upon the common efforts of Church and King since the dawn of our nation's history. We shall find in the record high courage for the future. With especial gratitude we shall note the progress made during these last twenty-five years towards not uniformity, a false ideal which in the past was attempted in vain, but towards the nobler ideal of unity in the Divine Spirit. And with full hearts, aware how dear is this ideal of unity to him, we honour the monarch who, crowned and anointed with ancient rites, reigns our Sovereign today. God save the King!

The American Half-hour

Artists of the Middle-West

The Englishman (Speaight) arrives in Wichita, Kansas, and meets an American artist (Bob)

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

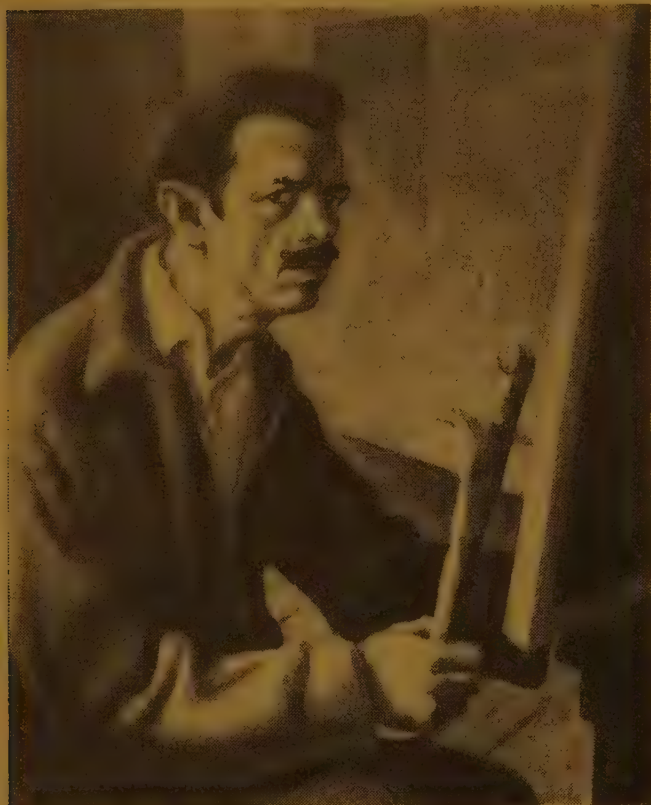
SPEAIGHT: Can you tell me where there's a good hotel here?

BOB: Sure. The Sherman. I'll take you down there when I'm through with my drink.

SPEAIGHT: Oh, there's no hurry. Thank you very much.

BOB: A stranger round here, huh?

SPEAIGHT: Yes, indeed.



Self-portrait, by Thomas Benton

Courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries, N.Y.

BOB: First time here?

SPEAIGHT: Yes, it's my first time in America.

BOB: In America? Well, I was figuring you were a Bostonian.

At that, you'd be pretty foreign, I guess.

SPEAIGHT: You, do you live here?

BOB: Yes, I work here.

SPEAIGHT: Farming?

BOB: No, I have a studio here. . . . I paint.

SPEAIGHT: Here?

BOB: Sure. Kansas is as good to paint as most places I know.

SPEAIGHT: I thought all American painters were in Paris.

BOB: Uh-uh . . . left bank, eh?

SPEAIGHT: Quite.

BOB: You're just about ten years behind the times. No more landscapes in Normandy for me.

SPEAIGHT: Have you painted them?

BOB: Oh, I had the disease with the rest of them. It's taken a long time but I guess American painting is going under its own steam at last.

SPEAIGHT: Is anybody in particular responsible?

BOB: You bet. Grant Wood, and Thomas Benton and Burchfield here in Kansas.

SPEAIGHT: Never heard of them.

BOB: Take it easy, you will.

SPEAIGHT: But tell me about them—are they a group, a school . . . New Yorkers?

BOB: Not on your life. All Middle-Westerners. Benton was the first. Of Missouri. He went and studied in Paris like everybody else. But six months in the U.S. Navy cured him of French

impressionism. He came back where he belonged and started in painting the places he knew.

SPEAIGHT: And you feel the same way?

BOB: Sure. This country is mine. I know these people upside-down—these railroad tracks, this drug store. I got a kick once out of drawing women in Brittany washing their linen in the river. I wasted a lot of paint on those lace bonnets, I'll say.

SPEAIGHT: And now?

BOB: Now I'm trying to paint the things I know here.

SPEAIGHT: Were you born here?

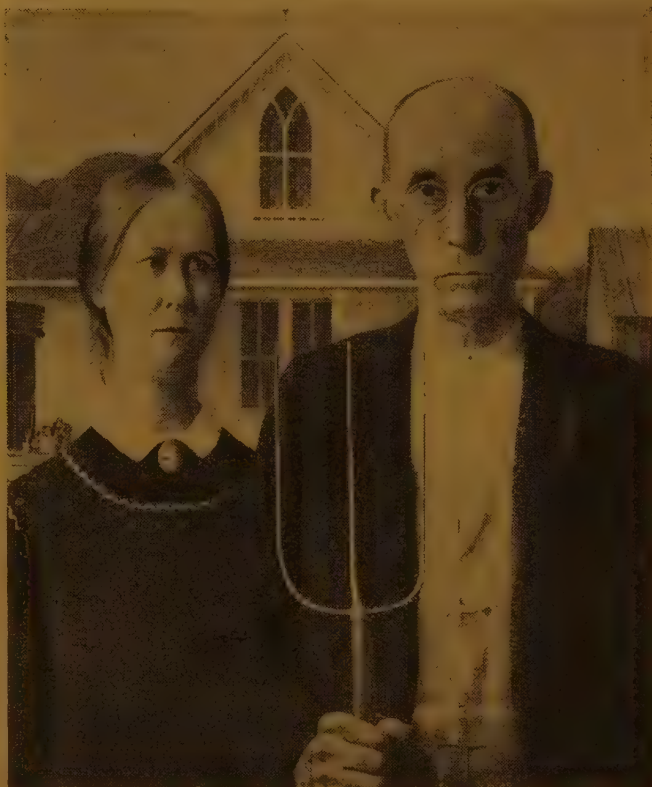
BOB: No. Ohio. And I was brought up as you might say on games and festivals you've probably never heard of—things like turkey shoots, going after possum and squirrels, and quail hunts and hay wagon parties. And the circuses we have around here—I've just finished some cartoons for one. But now I'll paint anything from a revivalist to a soda clerk.

SPEAIGHT: Who's the founder of this Back to Missouri movement?

BOB: Well, now I wouldn't call it that. It's going to be self-conscious for a year or two. But it didn't start that way. It started as a dozen darned fine paintings. It'll shake down. I've just come down from Cedar Rapids. . . .

SPEAIGHT: Where's . . . ?

BOB: Iowa. Grant Wood is the administrator for the PWAP—



American Gothic, by Grant Wood

Courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

the Public Works Art Project. The Government started a programme with a first grant of a million-and-a-half dollars to give work to 3,000 artists. Wood runs it, and he insists on painting American scenes. He's working now on a mural at the Iowa State University.

Course, he had his green days, too. He was in Paris for years. He did his regulation house in Montmartre and a Breton Market. and so on. But since 1929—well, listen to the titles of his pictures . . . 'American Gothic', 'Daughters of the Revolution', 'Threshers Dinner', 'Stone City', 'Crossing the Delaware'.

SPEAIGHT: And what do the buyers in Manhattan say to all this? Do they like it?

BOB: You said it. They take it, and after Benton's remark a



Arbor Day, by Grant Wood

year ago, they like it. He had quite a time with one of them. The buyer was looking at an exhibition of Benton's, and he made a remark about the murals being 'loud and disturbing'. Benton overheard him. He said: 'They represent the United States, which is also loud and disturbing'. He said, 'I have not

found the United States a standardised mortuary, and I have no sympathy with that school of detractors who know only about first-class hotels and the paved highways. I know an ass and the dust of its kicking when I come across it . . . There's a text for American painting for you.

Filming Plants and Animals

What the Amateur Can Do

By GEORGE H. SEWELL

Mr. Sewell is the author of 'Film Play Production for Amateurs' and 'Commercial Cinematography', and was the founder of the Institute of Amateur Cinematographers

MY predecessors in this series of talks told you of what is being accomplished by the professional worker in various specialised branches of natural history cinematography. I think they have shown unmistakably what interesting work can be done.

Here is a field where the serious amateur can turn out work every bit as good and as important as that produced by the professional, particularly if he is himself a naturalist. In fact I know of at least two amateur workers who are in the very forefront of progress in that they are doing animated studies of plant growth in full colour, and have already turned out successful sequences by the various colour processes they have used. My task now is to tell you something of the opportunities and possibilities in the use of the amateur movie camera in the making of natural history pictures both for the pleasure of doing them and as an aid to serious study.

The outstanding feature of amateur cine apparatus is its portability; and as for its manipulation—it is designed to be really foolproof. When Julian Huxley went to photograph gan-

nets he probably had a couple of lorry loads of equipment, and the average professional camera needs a good strong man to lift it. There has recently been placed on the English market an amateur cine camera which only takes five seconds to load and will slip into the pocket of a sports coat, yet it is perfectly suitable for natural history work. Even the most elaborate amateur cine camera weighs only a few pounds and could be carried about all day with a load of film without any discomfort.

The photographic material and the lenses and colour filters available to amateurs are every bit as good as those used by the professional, in fact some improvements in photographic materials have first been evolved for the needs of the amateur and applied to professional purposes afterwards.

Natural history subjects can be found almost anywhere. My earliest work was done as a townsman living in a town, when in my lunch hours I made, in a London park, a short film showing some waterhens nesting, the eggs hatching, the feeding of the young birds and their first venturings into normal daily existence. The professional cine naturalist, possibly because he has

an eye on entertainment value as well as scientific value in his film, often ventures far afield for his material and leaves the everyday subjects untouched. Such subjects are no less interesting or important because they are familiar ones. They await the attention of the amateur. The life of the stickleback is equally as remote from the experiences of the man-in-the-street as that of the lion or tiger in its everyday surroundings.

You can approach natural history cinematography from several angles. Either you can take normal pictures of the subjects in normal, or apparently normal, surroundings, or you can use variations of photographic technique to study certain aspects of the subjects. The particular variations of technique which I have in mind are cine-photomicrography and stop-motion work.

Cine-photomicrography consists, as its name implies, in taking greatly enlarged cinematograph pictures of microscopic objects. By its means you can trace the growth of the elementary substances of life, the movements of amoeba, the development of cells. With less power of magnification the larger moving organisms and the smallest insects may be studied. Already there is specially designed equipment on the market which enables you to harness your amateur movie camera to your microscopic equipment, but cine-photomicrography is a very specialised subject with its own particular problems. I do not recommend it to the amateur cinematographer who has no previous experience of work with microscope and 'still' camera, but on the other hand I do suggest that the experienced worker with the microscope will find the sub-standard cine camera a useful adjunct to his existing recording equipment.

Stop-motion—the other method I have in mind—is rather a misnomer, for stop-motion is actually a means of speeding up apparent motion by taking pictures of a subject at comparatively large intervals of time and then projecting these pictures at the normal frequency of sixteen pictures per second. For example, it takes a crocus bulb several weeks to push itself up through the soil. By stop-motion you can condense the operation into half-a-minute on the screen. It will be seen that a comparatively long life-cycle can thus be reduced to the period occupied in showing a short film and so enable the observer to make more ready comparison between one stage



A study in growth: a shot from a film dealing with mustard-seed
Photo: J. H. D. Ridley

and another in the development of a subject. Stop-motion is therefore most generally used for the purpose of plant study. I have a friend, Ridley, who is rather a specialist at this type of work. He has an ingenious system of home-made gadgets which controls the whole business. The apparatus is timed by a clock and driven by a Meccano electric motor. You will appreciate that it is essential that each frame, or single picture, on the film must have identical exposure to secure an even record. The only means of ensuring this is to use artificial light. On the other hand, daylight and the normal cycles of day and night conditions are necessary to secure normal growth of a plant. So the plants grow in daylight, but at predetermined intervals the apparatus draws down the blind of the room in which they are growing, switches on the artificial lights, makes the exposure of the film, switches off the lights and draws up the blind again so that the plant may go on growing. Ridley says

the great advantage of all this is that Mrs. Ridley really does most of the work. He winds the clocks and sets up the subject before leaving for the office in the morning, while *she* keeps the clock going during the day, corrects any wayward tendencies in the subject itself and apparently does most of the worrying. By this method Ridley has made growth studies of such things as crocuses and corn, and some really dramatic sequences of horse-chestnut blossom unfolding. Recently he has tried a new colour process in studies of flowers blooming.

Major B. Binyon of Hayes has done a lot of experimenting in the use of colour in stop-motion work. He uses a control apparatus basically similar to Ridley's, which will give the cycle of operations to make an exposure at any desired interval from 5 minutes to 1 hour and actual exposure periods of from 2 to 6 seconds. Working at 3 exposures per hour it takes a fortnight to produce 50 seconds of picture. One of Major Binyon's most successful experiments is a colour picture of the opening of a chrysanthemum bud—a wonderful effect of a mass of whirling petals in a blaze of colour.

The basis of all such experiments is a camera which will take single exposures on cine film. Several commercial cameras already carry this feature. The other control apparatus must be contrived by the amateur himself. It must not be thought that the control apparatus makes the whole operation automatic and trouble free. Far from it—temperature and ventilation must be absolutely controlled, watering must be done delicately so as not to disturb the surroundings of the subject and must be done regularly to avoid jerky growth, the operator must control all the time the inevitable tendency for the subject to grow towards the light and out of the pictures, and he must vary the frequency of record according to the distance of the camera from the object and the varying speeds of development of the subject at different parts of the life cycle. A useful subject for a first experiment in this method is cress, which grows very rapidly and enables results to be examined quite soon.

Let us now consider the normal photography of the subject in apparently normal surroundings. I say apparently normal, because the unreal is sometimes better than the real for a background. For example, it is obviously easier and better to photograph fish in a glass tank where they can be confined, controlled and properly lit rather than from an inconvenient position actually under water in a lake or pond. Again, if you are studying some small insect or tiny animal in temporary captivity you can add to the convincing nature of your picture by duplicating the creature's natural surroundings inside its temporary home.

This class of work is the largest branch of natural history cinematography. To it belongs the task of making pictures of ants moving among the weeds just as much as the securing of shots of tigers or elephants in their natural habitat.

My advice to the beginner in this work is, take the subject nearest to you. The birds of the house-tops, the London sparrow, the lethargic pigeon of the squares and the seagull of the Embankment are just as interesting to study as the albatross or gannet. In fact, a nationally compiled amateur cine record of the birds who make their homes in towns would be of unique value.

A good training in the photography of animals can be obtained in the various zoological gardens. Here can be found a wide variety of subjects—and they cannot get away. All animals are coloured in relation to their surroundings—sometimes brilliantly in the mating seasons, in other cases protectively so that they merge with their surroundings. The only film which will give you the power to secure the correct monochrome renderings of those colours is panchromatic film. By the use of filters you can, in one case, translate to the screen meticulously accurate tonal renderings of the colours which you see, in the other you can introduce sufficient distortion of tone to make the subject more visible than in actual life without creating a feeling of falsity. The method of control is by means of light filters, and light filter technique is largely the result of experience. Zoological gardens subjects are excellent for experiments in this technique, as you can come back to them again and again, comparing results.

Animals in zoos are interesting from another point of view. They seem to have ample time to develop strong personal characteristics, so that you have the opportunity of securing



'Ranee' a Whipsnade tiger, with one of her cubs



A chimpanzee solving the macaroni problem

pictures of them as individuals as well as types of a species. Their keepers are almost always ready to reciprocate your interest in their charges and to assist you to the best of their power. It is a good plan, however, to verify technical data from a variety of independent sources.

The suburban dweller can set his own stage and work under very favourable conditions, for, in my experience, birds and animals do not worry very much about the noise of the camera when it is working near a house. No doubt they mistake its noise for ordinary domestic noise. This is an advantage, and a bird bath and a bird table in the garden with a few pieces of hanging fat and a coco-nut will soon bring many subjects. I work from inside my window, using curtains to hide my own movements while giving me freedom to cover any part of the garden.

A word here about apparatus. Any reliable sub-standard cine camera will do, the quieter the better. Accustom your subjects to the noise of your camera by running it empty a day or two before you start real shooting. Your camera must have a universal lens mount to enable several lenses to be used. If a turret head can be afforded so much the better. Have the accuracy of the finders checked very carefully—nothing is more annoying than to think you have secured some particularly charming or valuable incident with your long-focus lens and then to find later that all but one-third of the subject is off the screen.

You require a normal lens which will focus down to as short a distance as possible, and of as large a maximum aperture as you can afford, and a telephoto lens also of the largest possible aperture. You will do most of your work with this. A good tripod is, of course, essential, and a few hand-mirrors will come in handy to reflect light into dark and difficult corners. A camera which will turn over at 64 frames per second will enable you to obtain extended—partial slow-motion—records of the smaller creatures, who otherwise might flash on and off the screen almost instantaneously.

After a probationary period indoors you can venture into the open and you will find some of your subjects will be not in the least perturbed. Later you can go into the fields and woods for other subjects. But this need not be for a very long time. You will find endless subjects in your own small garden. Besides the more obvious birds there are such things to study as field-mice, beetles and ants and even worms. Among the most fascinating life-cycles are those of frogs, toads and newts, and butterflies and moths. One man I know has become so enthusiastic about a film he is making of wasps that he keeps a wasps' nest in his bedroom for easy reference.



An orang-utan who appears to believe in cleanliness
SHOTS AT THE ZOO
Photos: J. E. Saunders

Another field of operation is the study of domestic animals. Owing to breeding experiments and the demands of fashion, dogs, cows, sheep, pigs and fowls change much more rapidly from generation to generation than do their wild brothers. Film records of all of them in their various breeds would be invaluable for the future generation and of direct assistance to breeders in the present one. In an Art School in Ealing they use film studies of these animals as drawing subjects for the students, while a friend of mine is making a study of the coloration of fowl plumage by means of colour cinematography.

Holidays offer another opportunity and often a chance to complete records which have been started elsewhere. A case in point is the seagull, which can be seen on the lakes and rivers in town in winter and spring, and on the cliffs

and rocks of the seashore in summer.

The individual worker can obtain much satisfaction from this work, and, moreover, his work has a wider significance. All over the country you are quietly and modestly working, each doing a little work on your immediate surroundings and between you building up a most important body of evidence, which would be of even greater importance and value if it could be recorded and analysed and to some extent controlled from one focal point.

Many of you must be doing work in natural cinematography in the directions which I have outlined, and I want every one of you to send me details of what you have done and are doing, however small may be your efforts. With the assistance and co-operation of the British Film Institute I hope it will be possible to compile a register of all our various activities and to arrange for the best use of the material which we have turned out. It is conceivable that working under centralised control the whole body of amateur cine naturalists could co-operate on some nation-wide problem such as bird migration, while it will also become possible, in conjunction with the education authorities, to make the best of this material available for the benefit of the earnest student and of the school children. Working alone and unassisted, as most of you do, each one of you has to solve his own difficulties unaided, while the results of his efforts are hidden from the world. Co-operation will bring to each and every one of you knowledge of the accomplishments of your fellow-workers, congenial persons with whom to discuss your problems, and an opportunity to add to the sum of the world's knowledge on a subject which directly concerns each and every one of us. A hobby that has a real incentive gains immeasurably in interest. Here is incentive indeed.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

A Word of Cheer

WE'RE ON THE ROAD to recovery. I can't see anything within our own boundaries that can check for long our restoration to full industrial health. I don't see anything in the world at large that can smash the process of recovery, except wars and rumours of wars. It really looks as though even the politicians of the world, all doing their worst, won't be able to pour sand into the bearings fast enough to stop the improvement; and that's saying something. There's no cause for shouting while we still have two million unemployed. But it really is something that there are more people at work today in British industry than there were in the spring of 1929 just before the world slump broke in upon us. What has happened is that we have recovered the 1929 level of business activity. We have not only recovered it; we have improved on it. British industry is turning out more stuff today than it did before the slump, a good deal more. In spite of improved machinery and labour-saving and speeding-up it is employing more people today than it did before the slump. What it hasn't yet done is to make such additional openings as to absorb the old million unemployed and the additional million due to the growth of the working population. But a hundred and twenty thousand extra in work is the course of the three weeks between March 25 and April 15 isn't bad. It's got nothing to do with Jubilee preparations. A month ago the oncoming Jubilee hadn't made very much stir. And it isn't a spurt in just one or two industries; the remarkable thing about it is that it is spread fairly widely over a great many industries. And, still more remarkable, the improvement isn't confined to industries working for the home market like building, tailoring, shop-keeping, and printing; it also shows itself in some of the great export trades like cotton, coal-mining and shipbuilding. Furthermore, it isn't a local improvement, it spreads fairly evenly over the whole country.

But take care now. I'm always half afraid to dwell on news of this kind lest it should do more harm in some quarters than good in others. To unemployed men I want to say: don't let the feeling get hold of you that this state of things is going to go on for ever. It isn't. Don't let it weigh on you to your harm. Keep your spirits up. Make the best of this leisure that a faulty, war-poisoned, economic civilisation has forced on you. Take advantage of anything that will help you to keep your hand in, and your heart and mind in good fettle. Keep your pecker up. To those who are not unemployed I have something quite different to say. Don't think that because 120,000 have gone back into work inside three weeks that there is no more need to bother about unemployment and the unemployed. That's the danger of a bit of good news; it may incline people to say, 'All's right now. No more need to bother'. There's every need to bother. There are men (aye, and women, too) who when they came out of a job were as good workers as you could find in a day's walk; but who by now have got so much older, so much wearier, so much out of practice, so much out of the running, that they haven't much chance of any one of the next million jobs that may open out in British industry. They are men who live in what are called the depressed areas, or they are men whose hands through prolonged idleness have lost their cunning, or men whose skilled craft has been swept away by the advance of the all-conquering machine. Remember these men, and their wives, and their children.

JOHN HILTON

Checking Up Bird Movements

COUNTRIES ALL OVER THE WORLD, including the United States of America and many European countries, have their own bird-marking schemes.

The Heligoland Bird Observatory and Marking Station which rings one hundred and sixty thousand migratory birds every year, is one of the most important in the world, and it is the centre of much bird research work quite apart from bird marking. Many of the birds which are trapped there, in an elaborate bird-catching garden, are weighed and the innumerable variations in their plumage are examined. The Island is surveyed every day with the object of finding out exactly how many species and how many birds of each species are represented.

Heligoland, apart from the fact that it is a small island twenty-seven miles from the mainland, has an extremely small population of resident birds and it is therefore a particularly suitable place from which to watch the movements of migrants. It is a remarkable fact that on this small island, over one hundred-and-forty species of birds have been recorded. Between seven thousand and eight thousand of the birds marked with rings issued by the Heligoland station have been recovered, which represents about 2.25 per cent. of the total.

One of the first bird-marking schemes to be organised in Great Britain on a broad and scientific basis was started in 1909 by Mr. H. F. Witherby. The scheme is still operating and there are voluntary helpers connected with it all over the country. Since 1909, over four hundred-and-thirty-five thousand birds have been marked in this country alone, and last year, close on fifty thousand were marked. In Great Britain, the marking is done mostly by natural history societies, by schools and by independent ornithologists.

There can be no doubt that bird-marking is helping us to understand the extent to which birds return to their birth place to breed and the extent to which birds return to certain winter quarters year after year. It is helping us to discover whether young birds seek the same nesting and breeding grounds as their parents, and it is helping us to find out whether well-defined routes really are followed by migrating birds.

It is now certain that many lapwings bred in English meadows spend the winter in Spain and Portugal; that many of the starlings which come to our gardens in winter for crumbs have been born in Germany, Norway and even Finland, and it would appear that the cuckoo, instead of hurrying south as soon as it leaves England in July, wanders, instead, eastwards through Germany before flying through Italy and across the Mediterranean.

The recovery of marked birds is certainly not without excitement. For instance, a lapwing which had been marked in Cumberland in 1933, was found by another marker last year near Seville, in Spain; and some years ago, another lapwing, also marked in Cumberland, was recovered in Newfoundland, two thousand miles away across the Atlantic. A blackbird marked in Heligoland was found three years later near Dublin, and a cuckoo which was killed in a forest clearing in the French Cameroons by a native's arrow, carried a ring with which it had been marked as a nestling in a pied wagtail's nest in Buckinghamshire.

So if any of you, even though you may have no great interest in ornithology, ever find a bird with a ring on its leg, make a careful note of the number and of the address on the ring, and send the record to your local museum or to your local natural history society. Someone there will see that the ring is identified and you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have picked up a clue to a mystery which without exaggeration may be said to be one of the greatest man has ever set himself to solve.

JOHN H. LOCKETT

War on the Squirrel

THE GREY SQUIRREL, which some people think rather an attractive and engaging little chap, is in fact rather a bad lad. He eats a great variety of things, from strawberries, nuts and apples, to pine and spruce shoots, birds' eggs and even young birds. He is about as omnivorous, in fact, as the rat, and he is being recognised as a common enemy by gamekeepers, foresters, fruit growers and bird-lovers. The squirrel is not yet by any means universally distributed, but is well and firmly established in a great many places, from Exeter as far north as Dumbartonshire and Fife. The biggest areas are the whole Thames basin, with adjoining districts, and a big tract in Yorkshire.

My colleague, Mr. A. D. Middleton, is watching and studying the squirrel on behalf of the Ministry of Agriculture. The number of squirrels, he says, was increasing at a pretty alarming rate up till 1930, and the area of occupation was getting rapidly larger. Then there was a very general outbreak of disease—probably a kind of coccidiosis—and numbers went right down. But now they have started to go up again.

Now Mr. Middleton is anxious to get all possible information

about the state of affairs. And if you have anything to report about the squirrel, he would be very glad to have news—for instance, if the beast has turned up in your district for the first time, you might send him a postcard and tell him so; or, if you have noticed any change in numbers, or any new or serious type of damage, he would be glad to know of it. His address is A. D. Middleton, the University Museum, Oxford. He will be very grateful for anything you can tell him. And also, please shoot the grey squirrel whenever possible.

J. A. SCOTT WATSON

Spring Cleaning by Law

CLEANING THE BODY and cleaning the home are solemn rites in Japan, far more important than meals. A paternal government regulates spring cleaning, and a worker is quite entitled to a day's holiday to help.

One morning, early in March, a policeman called at our house with the spring cleaning notice. We were to carry it out on the same day as all the other houses in our block. If anyone was very ill, we could postpone it, but we must give due notice of the fact to the police. This was my first *O-soji* or 'Honourable Cleaning' in this country, so an English friend said we had better go for a picnic into the hills. The dust would be choking.

The great day arrived and I was wakened at sunrise with a series of loud reports and bangings, echoing all down the little narrow street. My first thought was naturally—earthquake; but, on looking through the window, I discovered it was only the night wooden shutters being run back into their cupboards. Our house, being semi-European style, on the school premises, had only the Japanese part to clean. The law, strangely enough, did not apply to European style houses.

By the time I was ready to go down to the railway station the street was like one gigantic rummage sale. Little tables, cupboards, trays, china bowls, straw mats; in fact, everything movable from the houses had been piled outside in the streets. I picked my way carefully, as in many places men and boys were beating the straw floor matting with big thick sticks, thoroughly enjoying themselves. Journey-men were on their haunches, stitching away, mending torn matting. Here and there a grey-haired grandmother and a little girl were pasting new clean rice paper on the sliding doors.

The houses themselves seemed to have disappeared and in their places were rows of huge sheds. One wall and four uprights supporting heavy tiled roofs was all I could see. The floor supports were visible, as the mats had gone. Women and girls were rubbing and polishing the woodwork with plain water only, and getting a shine like glass.

At the street corner there was a group of old men, all with a young baby tied on their backs. They were chatting quite happily and in a way enjoying all the upheaval. The rice shop, the bean shop and the sweet shop at the end of the street tried to spring clean in the intervals of serving customers.

The streets to the station, a ten-minute walk, all presented a strange collection of household goods. As we steamed out of the city, we saw from the train street after street in the same throes. The hill village we went to was at the same game, so we went to the summit of a hill and stayed there until dusk. We had sandwiches and books, and the weather was perfect, a real Japanese spring day, the bluest of blue skies and warm sunshine.

As we neared the city on our return, the streets presented a very different appearance. There were huge bonfires everywhere. On our walk up to the school from the station, white-coated policemen were bobbing in and out of the houses, sticking paper seals on the gate to show the world the house was approved by the law as clean.

Two or three large houses belonging to wealthy people in our district had *godowns* in which they stored their family treasures. These people would have enough garden in which to place their household effects, and the neighbours would only see the bonfire at the end of the day. But it is a significant fact that wealth could not purchase immunity from this law of compulsory spring cleaning.

The public bath houses, both men's and women's, were full to capacity, and as we passed we heard laughter and chatting. Nobody minded the dust, the dirt and the tiredness of spring cleaning day for was not the bath ready and waiting for them all? Half-an-hour, three-quarters, soaking and relaxing in hot water, with neighbours to exchange greetings, what a perfect ending to a perfect day!

I was told by a Japanese teacher that this custom of a national house-cleaning was brought in after a plague had once spread through the land.

M. E. ESSEN

Food for Growth

IT IS NECESSARY to have sufficient food to maintain one's output of energy, but quantity alone, without regard to quality and kind of foodstuffs, is insufficient to maintain health and fitness.

There is no mystery about what constitutes a suitable diet for young growing people, but there is no short cut to success in feeding them. Some people seem to have the idea that the kind of food doesn't matter, and that you can make any old food into good body-building food by buying packets of vitamins, and so on, from the chemists. You can never make bread into meat, or eggs out of oatmeal, whatever you add to them. So beware of the food faddist who sees all the virtues of a complete diet in a single substance. The general rules and principles of good feeding are simple. The young worker requires a considerable proportion of his food to be derived from animal sources. He needs eggs, and cheese and butter and milk and meat and liver and fish. He needs in addition, vegetables (particularly green vegetables), also root vegetables and fruits. If he gets a sufficiency of these foodstuffs, he will not lack body-building materials, nor will he be short of vitamins or minerals or other necessary constituents of a satisfactory diet. The greater the variety of these foodstuffs eaten, the less will be the likelihood of a shortage of any of the numerous substances which are required to build healthy tissues. Once you have made sure of a sufficiency of body-building and health-giving foods, the individual can fill up with those foods which give mainly energy, but which do not contain much of the body-building substances. Such foods are bread and cereals, the starchy foods and sugars.

You may ask why, if the general principles of correct nutrition are so simple, the populace does not carry them out? There are two main reasons. The first is ignorance—some people are under the impression that all that matters is bulk and quantity. They think, for instance, that a plate of rice is of equal food value to eggs, or cheese, or meat. I have tried to show that this is not so. The second reason is, and we cannot unfortunately get away from it, that the essential body-building foods are expensive, and adequate quantities of them may not be within the reach of everyone. Money spent on the right kinds of food is money very well spent. It is a great pity that food cannot be the first item of expenditure, instead of rent and clothes. It is important, from the national health aspect, that the first-class goods should be within the reach of all classes in adequate quantities. What are the common faults of the feeding of our people, and particularly of the poorer people? I have no hesitation in saying that the most widely prevalent fault is a too-high proportion in the diet of sugary and cereal and starchy foods. These foods are cheap and are filling, but if too much of them is taken, it is to the exclusion of the valuable body-building foods. I don't mean that these starchy foods should not be eaten at all; they should be, but not as a substitute for the body-building foods.

MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH

Gourds for the Garden

AS A CHANGE from the orthodox garden flowers, I am going to suggest that you try a packet of seeds of mixed ornamental gourds, which you can get from most of the leading seed firms. These can be sown out of doors at the end of this month and grown in much the same way as you grow marrows, except that it is better to train them up a hedge or support of some kind, to keep the fruits off the ground. These gourds are very interesting; you get them in all sorts of shapes and sizes, some round like a cricket ball, some long and others oval or pear-shaped, some green and others yellow, or fantastically marked and striped, some with knobs on and some smooth. In fact, you never know quite what you are going to get, and if you gather them when they get ripe and varnish them all over with a spirit varnish, they will keep right through the winter, and they make quite pretty indoor ornaments. Try a few plants, and see what you think of them.

C. H. MIDDLETON

We regret that by an unfortunate oversight the name of the Newfoundland speaker, who took part in the 'Empire's Tribute' broadcast on the evening of May 6, was wrongly given on page 777 of last week's issue of THE LISTENER. The name should have been given as the Hon. F. C. Alderdice, Vice-Chairman of the Newfoundland Commission of Government.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Freedom

Mr. Wyndham Lewis has given us, in the name of culture and intelligence, a refreshing exposure of the abuses of what he calls social-democratic freedom. But we could have accepted the implied conclusions of the author of *Hitler* more readily if he had given us a more acute interpretation of the existence of 'the great private monopolies and irresponsible orthodoxies within the State'. He has not explained why the orthodoxy of literature should be a left-wing and not a right-wing orthodoxy, nor why our governors should be deficient in cultural rather than other ways.

It is hardly adequate to accuse universal suffrage and universal education; to relate these to the decay of taste is to relate phenomena which, though far from independent of each other, are themselves the result of a common cause. Mass standards could only assert themselves when mass communities had superseded the small communities which, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis himself has pointed out, have been in the past the most fertile for the encouragement of art. Mass communities were only made possible by the economic prosperity created by an acquisitive society, directed, that is, by an acquisitive few. And though devil-take-the-hindmost competition is today somewhat tempered in this country, there can be no doubt that the values, so deplored by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, which are replacing the values of the old landed society, are the values of the acquisitive asking for comfort rather than intellectual exercise at the end of their ever-contracting working-day, and evaluating leisure by standards of property rather than standards of taste.

The 'left-wing orthodoxy' of contemporary intelligentsia is the logical answer to the social system which has produced this lowering of standards. The trade-union movement was similarly the logical answer to the tyranny of industrialisation, but neither movement is likely to be permanent. Mr. Wyndham Lewis once declared himself theoretically, broadly, in favour of the Sovietised State. Why does he now pass so glibly over Soviet Russia as yet another State autocracy? Does he believe that the cultural renaissance so unnoticeable as yet in Fascist Germany and Italy is unconnected with their having preserved an acquisitive economic system? He had better have considered the society in the U.S.S.R. which, undeniable though its restrictions upon political and other freedom, is unique in modern history in substituting other values for the acquisitive values of a society based on economic exploitation of the many by the few.

Hammersmith

W. W. MILLER

The Artist and his Public

I will not waste valuable space in THE LISTENER by attempting again to show why certain types of modern art do not seem ugly to me. Proof of the presence of beauty or its contrary in any given case is always impossible. Each individual must abide by his own standards; and even such standards as are commonly accepted by a majority must constantly change and develop. I am as certain that a typical Degas would have been ugly to Raphael as my present critics are certain that a typical Picasso is ugly—to themselves. I have less hope of altering their convictions than Galileo had of convincing his critics that the earth moved.

But in view of the two letters in your issue of May 1, I would, at least, like to make my position clear. I did not say, as Mr. Fairhurst suggests, that modern art is 'right' because it is today's. I said that it interested me for that reason. Mr. Fairhurst himself would probably be more interested in today's newspaper than in one of May, 1934: thousands of playgoers are more interested in Noel Coward's plays than in Shakespeare's. It is not a question of rightness and wrongness, or even of goodness and badness, but of the sincere statement by an artist of an experience never stated before. Nor did I say, as Miss Mary Barne suggests, that I admire the less sane productions of contemporary art, though possibly she and I have different ideas of sanity. Much of the experimental work by artists of today seems to me feeble and worthless, not because the experiment is wrong, but because it hasn't 'come off'.

Mr. MacColl asks whether I think the Picasso 'Head' he

refers to is a deliberate piece of nonsense. No, I do not. But, as it happens, I do think it is a bad picture. It is Picasso at his worst—an experiment that has missed fire. (By the way, it was originally chosen by Sir Reginald Blomfield as a detestable thing, and not by me as an admirable one. In any case, why select as a touchstone, a reproduction in half-tone of an experiment in colour?)

I am getting rather tired of pointing out how many artists of the past (including Miss Mary Barne's Pre-Raphaelites) have been accused of insanity, when their only crime was newness. Unfamiliarity breeds more contempt than its opposite. She says, 'they [the Pre-Raphaelites] could draw', forgetting that it was Ruskin who discovered that, and that he was howled at for saying so. Somewhat wearily, I in my turn say, 'Picasso can draw'. He can even, if he wants to, produce a two-dimensional representation of a three-dimensional object, which is what I suspect Miss Barne means by 'drawing'. Thousands of students can do this. I can do it myself. Picasso tries to do something more, and when he succeeds, I find his work sane and beautiful. But if my critics do not, why should they blame me? Let them quietly avert their eyes and pass on when they come across this hated modernity. There is, as Miss Barne rightly points out, very little of it, and what there is can be so easily avoided.

Finally, why blame THE LISTENER for leaving unnoticed the good work being done today by less experimental (but equally admirable) artists? They that are recognised have no need of an apologist. If anyone attacks Richard Eurich, of whose work I share your correspondent's high opinion, I, for one, will defend him.

London, W. 1

ERIC NEWTON

Jubilee Decorations

Mr. Greywell asks for practical suggestions for more æsthetic decorations for such an occasion as the King's Silver Jubilee. Such suggestions are very difficult to make. But there are two clear reasons why the present decorations are unsatisfactory. (a) The Westminster heraldic colours are blue and gold. If this be carried out—as in the garlands that hang along each side of the processional routes in West London—in ultramarine (*i.e.* slightly violet) blue, and a deep yellow that has not the lustre, or reflecting power, of gold or 'gilt'—you get two complementary colours that contrast harshly when seen from nearby, and blend into neutrality (as do all juxtaposed complementaries) at a distance. Whereas a gilded material and another of blue very slightly on the green side would have formed a beautiful contrast—but this might have been heraldically incorrect. I would be much interested if one of your readers would tell me what sort of blue the heraldic 'azur' really is. (b) Whatever the colours chosen for the public street decorations, there is no public control over private householders' fancies; so it would have been a miracle if there had not been much clashing discord of colour.

The laws of colour-harmony are as simple as are the elements of harmony in music—and, of course, depend on the same thing, *i.e.* a knowledge of the ratios of wavelengths (or, reciprocally, frequencies) to one another. To put it musically, 'intervals'. But, until they are somehow and somewhere taught, we shall have to endure the discomfort of jazzing decorations.

Bloxham

MARY BARNE

Menu of Our Forefathers

From the delightful talks on 'Ancient Britain Out of Doors', I learn that as trees began to cover the plains of Western Europe, game got scarce and prehistoric man was left in a sorry plight, 'his food supply gone and his favourite haunts uninhabitable' (THE LISTENER, page 568). But I rather fancy that in woodlands the game would be quite abundant and even more easily secured than in open country, while the hunter would have better cover and could make his pitfalls more effective.

It is also mentioned that the Scottish shell-mound people left their huge heaps of shells 'as an awful reminder of the monotony of their diet'. The tools and weapons of those interesting people—who, I think, were by no means primitive—have been found not

only along the sea coasts, as indicated in the talk, but also throughout the interior of Scotland. Their diet was neither meagre nor monotonous. I have helped in the sifting of many tons of the material comprising the mounds, at widely separated places. The remains of burned bones are numerous, indicating sumptuous dining on venison and pork. The flesh of the common seal and the grey seal were also used. These people ate the flesh of the goose, the duck, and the now extinct great auk. The bones of thirteen species of birds have been recovered from the mounds. Of molluscan remains, including oysters, nineteen species have been noticed. Two kinds of crab were caught and eaten, and nine kinds of sea-fish. They had also at command many fresh-water fish.

In addition to this varied menu they had no doubt access to many kinds of eggs, nuts, berries, roots and the finer seaweeds (which are still used for food in the Hebrides).

Glasgow, C.3

LUDOVIC McL. MANN

Salvation Outside the Church

Dr. Coulton, in his self-assumed role of the new Torquemada, is eager to roast Father Martindale and myself; but is he not rather remiss in not 'grappling' himself with the 'orthodox Roman Catholic' in the *Church Times*? Has he sufficiently examined the question of his 'orthodoxy'? I am inclined to suggest further inquisition. And I should certainly advise him to keep an eye on any theologian, or even bishop, who should attempt an 'interpretation' of so plain a papal pronouncement as Pius IX's on 'invincible ignorance'. As for the earliest statement of the doctrine by an 'orthodox Roman Catholic', I venture to refer him to the second and fifth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans.

Oxford

C. LATTEY

The opinion of Father Martindale, however important, can scarcely be said to outweigh the decrees of Popes and Councils. In the *Catholic Catechism* of the late Cardinal Gasparri (Sheed and Ward, 1932), a work 'drawn up in consultation with many other Cardinals and Professors of Theology in the Catholic Universities and revised by the Consultors of the Congregation of the Council', we are given presumably the pure milk of the word. 'The Holy Roman Church', we are told (page 307) 'firmly believes, professes and teaches that none of those who are not within the Catholic Church, not only Pagans, but Jews, heretics and schismatics, can ever be partakers of eternal life, but are to go into the eternal fire "prepared for the devil and his angels"', unless before the close of their lives they shall have entered into that Church; moreover, that no one, no matter what alms he may have given, not even if he were to shed his blood for Christ's sake, can be saved unless he abide in the bosom and unity of the Catholic Church'.

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

'The Two Sources of Morality and Religion'

May I venture in all humility to question your reviewer's attribution to M. Bergson of the proposition that the 'open society', which supervenes upon the closed society, is the 'work of intellect'. Surely M. Bergson is arguing throughout his book the exact converse of this proposition. In Chapter III he shows that through the whole course of Greek philosophy there run two currents, one intellectual and the other extra-intellectual, and that the latter was always the motive force dominating and directing the former. The unaided intellect would never even temporarily succeed in breaking out of the closed circle of the closed society. This is achieved not by the intellect but by the mystic experience—the rare and wonderful privilege of great souls, who, each according to his capacity, have glimpses of the 'vision splendid'. The mystics do not deal in rational discourses. 'They have no need to exhort: they have but to exist: their existence is an appeal'. But the appeal is not to the intellect. Philosophy may by rational arguments develop the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. But such merely intellectual convictions are at the mercy of every prompting of self-interest. Very different in its power is the mystic love of humanity which is part of the *élan de vie*—the creative energy of life, which is the metaphysical root of the universe.

London, S.W.5

F. G. PRATT

Puritan 'Blue Laws'

I see that in your issue of May 1 you reproduce a talk on 'The Puritan Heritage'. Might one not have expected that somebody concerned with this talk would have been aware of the recent

correspondence in *THE LISTENER* in which the rubbish about the Puritan 'Blue Laws' of New England was exposed? May I repeat that the 'Blue Laws' cited in this talk never existed—being a late eighteenth-century invention? (Full particulars can be seen in an appendix to my *The Puritans and Music* recently so generously reviewed in your columns.)

And as I am writing, may I be allowed to refer to a former correspondence on this subject? It concerned Mr. Mais' broadcast statements as to witch-hunting in seventeenth-century New England. In his book, *A Modern Columbus*, Mr. Mais replied, referring me to 'the whole of Miss Rose Macaulay's *They Were Defeated*'. As this is merely a novel, and hence not of historical authority, I did not trouble at the time to follow up the reference. I have, however, lately come across this admirable book, and to my surprise find that the witch hunting in it (a) has nothing to do with New England (the scene being laid in Devonshire); (b) takes place not under Puritan rule but during the reign of a Stuart King; and (c) has nothing to do with Puritan feeling, the belief in witchcraft and the action taken against it being quite correctly shown as universal at the period; indeed in the witch trial described in this book the most effective witness for the prosecution is a Roman Catholic priest.

Cornaux, Switzerland

PERCY A. SCHOLLES

Silent Cinemas

Your 'Week by Week' paragraph in *THE LISTENER*, dealing with the number of cinemas in the world today, is interesting to me. It came as a surprise to learn that there are still so many silent cinemas. The special reason for my interest lies in the fact that I am stone deaf, and therefore unable to follow a sound picture. Very few people realise how the conversion of silent cinemas into sound cinemas has deprived deaf people of practically the only pleasure which remained to them, and has left a gap in their lives which nothing has been able to fill. Deaf people, by reason of their infirmity, are excluded from theatres, concert halls and the like, but the silent cinema, which made no demands on the faculty they have lost, was a tremendous boon to them. Considering that there are many thousands of deaf people in all communities, it is astonishing that cinema owners, especially those in large centres of population, do not cater for such audiences. Every large town could profitably run a silent cinema, not only for its deaf population, but also for those who, in spite of the undoubted advantages of sound, could still enjoy and find no inconvenience in the silent picture.

Cardiff

GEORGE STAYNER

Northern Summer School

The B.B.C. announces the holding of a Northern Summer School for the training of wireless group leaders at St. Hilda, Whitby, from Saturday, July 27, to August 3. There will be accommodation for 40 students, who will be given training and practice in the art of holding wireless discussion groups. Applications are invited from persons interested in all parts of the country, with the proviso that preference will be given to those applicants who have not previously attended a summer school of this type. The fee for the week will be £2 10s., covering all expenditure other than travelling, and limited financial assistance can be given to students attending the school who without such help would be prevented from coming. Further information can be obtained from either of the under-mentioned Area Councils for Broadcast Adult Education:

Secretary, North-West Area Council, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, Piccadilly, Manchester.

Secretary, North-East Area Council, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

In connection with the Jubilee Day broadcasts the B.B.C. wishes to acknowledge the valuable assistance of the Australian Broadcasting Commission; the African Broadcasting Company, Ltd.; the New Zealand Broadcasting Board; the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission; the Postmaster-General's Department, Southern Rhodesia; the Department of Industries and Labour, Government of India; the Commission of Government, Newfoundland; and the Colonial Postmaster, Bermuda. For the final sequence of formal messages there was close liaison with Dominion High Commissioners, the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, and their respective Governments; and with the India Office, the Dominions and Colonial Offices.

Modern Poetry—English and American

A Discussion between PAUL ENGLE and CECIL DAY LEWIS

Mr. Paul Engle, a young American poet at present in England, is author of 'American Song', and Mr. Day Lewis, the English poet, is author of 'Time to Dance', etc.

PAUL ENGLE: What are we expected to talk about?
CECIL DAY LEWIS: I really don't know: what do young poets talk about?

ENGLE: They don't talk about poetry—they write it. I suppose many of us talk about the next meal—that's important. I suppose we talk shop occasionally—stuff about technique.

LEWIS: Not very interesting, I fear, to those outside the inner circle.

ENGLE: I agree: although I expect you find, as we do in America, that people will talk about our shop without any knowledge of the A B C of the thing.

LEWIS: You mean the language in which we write, and the forms which we choose to express ourselves. There aren't many who have a good word to say for our new technique of writing.

ENGLE: Except the young poets of America! We understand you far better than we understand your predecessors. You young poets in England write in an idiom which is familiar to us.

LEWIS: I'm glad to hear you say that. In England, you know, the language in which some of the younger school of poets express themselves is so unfamiliar that people feel a good deal of doubt about their being poets at all. The trouble is that most people have got a fixed idea of what the language of poetry ought to be like. One can't blame them—they were brought up in school to learn to recognise poetry by certain classical examples. You know: 'It was a summer evening; Old Kaspar's work was done', or:

The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs,
The deep moans round with many voices.

ENGLE: Yeah! Tennyson.

LEWIS: Right! People say poetry ought to be poetical. They say 'These new verse-writers have turned poetry into a cross between the noise of an Underground railway and the Tower of Babel'.

ENGLE: You forget that many of your greatest poets—Shakespeare and Wordsworth—revolted fiercely from the poetical language of what was handed down to them.

LEWIS: Yes: and anyway, the modern reader should feel a particular sympathy with living poets because they are trying—we are trying—to get the language of poetry into closer relationship with everyday speech. I remember Gerard Manley Hopkins saying in one of his letters that poetic language should be the current language of the age heightened. I forget his exact words, but it was something like that. I think many of us feel the same thing. We share Hopkins' distrust of archaism—of saying things in a deliberately old-fashioned way. New things should be said in a new way with a new idiom. We cannot trust old forms to convey new ideas. Do you agree?

ENGLE: O.K. I'm with you every time. Our intention in America has been to find a more flexible way of writing, and to use the language of common speech wherever possible. Ever since the War we have been trying to break down the rigid forms of nineteenth-century verse. Whitman in America has had much the same influence as Gerard Manley Hopkins in England.

LEWIS: Curious you should mention Whitman, because he's one of the few American poets known to the English—apart, of course, from Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson. We always think of Whitman as the American poet, just as we call Burns the Scottish poet. Whitman, as you know, has been generally appreciated in this country. His virility of expression made us feel that here is someone typical of America and American life.

ENGLE: And yet in England today you don't appreciate our modern American idiom. I believe you look upon American poetry simply as bad English poetry—as English poetry gone wrong. I know English people often think of Americans as simply degenerate Englishmen—as puritanical Victorians who have gone off on a hundred-year drunk.

LEWIS: Yes, I'm afraid it is true that the American idiom in poetry today is not appreciated here, but then, neither is the idiom of young English poets. I'm afraid many people think your poetry simply slangy and colloquial.

ENGLE: I know. Carl Sandburg, for instance. I've met very few Englishmen who can appreciate his writing. Listen to this:

It's a jazz affair, drum crashes and cornet razzes.
The trombone pony neighs and the tuba jackass snorts
The banjo tickles and titters too awful.
The chippies talk about the funnies in the papers.
The cartoonists weep in their beer
Ship riveters talk with their feet
To the feet of floozies under the tables.

A quartet of white hopes mourn with interspersed snickers:
I got the blues.
I got the blues.
I got the blues.

And, as we said earlier:
The cartoonists weep in their beer.

LEWIS: Hum! I confess I don't really take to that poem at first hearing. I'd want a dictionary of American slang, and plenty of time to read it over and reconsider it. I'm quite sure that nine-tenths of those who might read it in this country would call it crude stuff or plain gibberish. But you've chosen an extreme example, surely. I'd sooner take as an illustration something that you yourself have written. Part of that long poem you were showing me the other day. You remember—the bit about the skyscrapers. Will you read it again?

ENGLE: Yes, if you like:

AMERICA*

It is not strange you were cocky, forever carried
A chip on your shoulder, boasted the length of the earth
You were one tough baby, hard as nails, swaggering
The streets with chin stuck out and a grin, shouting
Take a poke at that, kid, if you're lookin' for trouble,
I'm half mountain lion, half Texas steer,
With a dash of rattlesnake and horned toad, taking
Easily in one jump and a yell the land
From the Blue Ridge to the Big Horns, and wearing
The whole dam Mississippi for a belt.
I'll pull my right shoe off and kick the moon
Clean over God's left shoulder for good luck.
I'm the world's original play-boy—Look me over.

LEWIS: Thank you. Tell me, what are you trying to do in that poem?

ENGLE: Simply this: to write about the actual events of living in America, in the speech that the people use on the streets. You see, our American language today is rich and varied—it's the stuff of poetry. It's like the language of the Elizabethans in England. It's near to the heart of our life and culture. It's changing. It's not like the English language of today, which is, relatively speaking, a dead thing. Slang and colloquialism in the English speech seem to me to be stuck on to your language, not absorbed into the body of it as it is in America. You can't appreciate the idiom of Carl Sandburg because you think he's using slang; but it isn't slang, it's the American language.

LEWIS: Yes: I see your point entirely. But I'm inclined to feel that pure colloquialism—pure slang, if you like—should be confined to poetical drama and satire. It should be directly associated with the speech of characters in drama or in narrative. It's felt to be unsuitable for use in lyrical or contemplative poems. Compare Shakespeare's incessant use of colloquial language in the plays, with the complete absence of it in the sonnets and lyrical poems. When you use colloquialisms as freely as you have done in your own poem, for example, it gives the impression of satire to an English ear.

ENGLE: If that's true, then I'm afraid all I can say is—so much the worse for the English ear; but I think I can understand your difficulties. After all, many changes in the English language—recent changes, I mean: the introduction of new words and phrases and so on—are generally attributed to American slang, and consequently deplored. I know: I know all about it.

LEWIS: However, I think we're in agreement on the main point, the desirability—the necessity, even—of using a new language and a new technique as a vehicle for new ideas. Revolutionary ideas shake up our minds like an earthquake and they alter the contour of the language. Both of us—by which I mean

*From an unpublished MS.

a group of young poets in America and a group of young poets in this country—are impelled to write about new things to extend the scope of poetry. We are close to life as it is lived. We don't isolate ourselves. We live in the midst of machinery. It is natural for us to write about them, and to take as symbols the movements of machinery:

THE EXPRESS*

After the first powerful plain manifesto,
The black statement of pistons, without more fuss
But gliding like a queen, she leaves the station.
Without bowing and with restrained unconcern
She passes the houses which humbly crowd outside,
The gasworks, and at last the heavy page
Of Death, printed by gravestones in the cemetery.

Machinery is exciting material to write about. A great many of the symbols of our age possess the same interest and stimulus, but the use of these mechanical symbols in poetry has its dangers, don't you think? Pylons and factories, railways, airplanes and disputed frontiers—all that kind of thing—must be used to make metaphor or as symbols. The danger is that they may get over-worked as symbols and so become as poetically conventional as nightingales or roses. A true, original poet will always be able to make poetry as much out of a sunset as out of a steam engine. But I'm afraid this modern poetical currency may be debased, and rapidly debased, by second-rate writers. Now this metaphor of Spender's is poetry:

Goodbye then, goodbye to those sad and early hills
Dazed with their houses like a faint migraine.

So is his description of pylons:

But far above and far as sight endures
Like whips of anger
With lightning's danger
There runs the quick perspective of the future.

Or Auden's metaphor—'Motives, like stowaways, are found too late'

In those examples I feel that the right use has been made of the symbols of our modern civilisation. Poetic expression has absorbed them completely. But if I may say so—and you won't think me rude—I think in your poetry things like skyscrapers, street signs and automobiles stand out more crudely, more artificially, from the surface of the poem. They are like lumps of fat floating about on the surface of badly-made soup, not sufficiently assimilated into the body of the poem.

ENGLE: All right: take this, then:

Barnum said you could fool
some of the people all the time, and all
The people some of the time, but that you can't
Fool all the people all of the time. And now
you've had your rake-off long enough, the fools
Have been put wise. You can't load the dice
And forever get away with it. They've seen
The hidden fifth ace up your sleeve.

Come clean

Or they'll take it out of your hide.†

Does that sound artificial to you? It seems to me that that's much more in the idiom of the people than the examples you gave me. After all, we have agreed that one of the things we have in common is our desire to write in the idiom of our Age, and in the idiom of the people.

LEWIS: Yes; but there's a difference. In England we do it a trifle self-consciously. Most English poets today still belong to the socially leisured classes or, at any rate, not to the proletariat. It's not our fault! It means, however, that our minds have been formed by the tradition of our class. We wish in our poetry to express the life of another class and to make contact with it through our poetry, because we feel, many of us, that in that class lies the hope of the future. We write about new life. We feel that that new life will come from the working classes—will be centred in the working classes: inevitably we write about them. It's true that Auden, for example, writes about the middle classes and about the culture and tradition he knows well, but his poems are satirical analysis: 'You're part of a world that has had its day'.

ENGLE: Now we are coming to an important difference between English and American poets. You're thinking in terms of class distinction—we're not. When you write about the work and activities of everyday life, about building or mining, or tramping the roads, you're writing about something that you are imagining. When we write about those things, we are writing about something we've actually experienced. When Carl Sandburg writes about gangsters and fish peddlers and elevator men, he's writing about people and things he knows intimately. When you write about those people—or their English equivalents,

rather—you're imagining them. It's an effort of imaginative projection. The actual basis is not there.

LEWIS: Now the traditional English answer to that would be: Isn't that 'effort of imaginative projection' the real energy factor in poetry? The poetry is generated by this reaching out over a gap. And, moreover, can't you exercise imagination better at a distance from your subject? When you're in the midst of poverty or strenuous work, aren't you overcome by it? Doesn't it prevent you seeing in the right perspective? You can only see the complete form of the things you want to write about if you're at a distance from them. Surely distance heightens. . . .

ENGLE: Or distorts.

LEWIS: Yes—or distorts—distance heightens or distorts the image of the thing described. Our English attitude, of course, is part of the English idealistic tradition in poetry. It really is an important difference between us. It may be, of course, that you in America are laying the foundations of a new sort of poetry—something really revolutionary and vital.

ENGLE: Thanks. But don't go away with the impression that I don't admire the effort of young English poets today to write about things which people understand, in a language which they understand. But look here! I flatter myself that I can understand the language which you write. Though many people criticise your poems and say that you write in an idiom which even the cultured cannot understand—that you deliberately limit your audience. I often hear it said that the people who can understand modern English poetry can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Now how do you answer that criticism? You must have been forced to answer it many times.

LEWIS: Yes, I don't deny that's a frequent criticism. It's not terribly easy to do so, but I'll have a shot. First of all, one's got to appreciate that there are two trends in English poetry today. The first trend is associated with names like George Barker and Dylan Thomas—who are actually the next generation after Auden and Spender. These poets look upon poetry as a way of expressing private situations and personal emotion rather than as the mouthpiece of any social group. The poet for them is an instrument through which poetry is generated, and they tend to divorce his function as a poet from his belief and environment as a man. The poetry produced is a complex pattern of words and images with little surface meaning attached. This kind of poetry is moving in the direction of a pure art, like music—words being the notes, and ideas the thematic material. They do not, on the whole, use ideas morally, and there is nothing didactic about their work.

ENGLE: Yes, of course, we have had the same trend in America, Archibald MacLeish and Amy Lowell.

LEWIS: Yes. The methods which this group of poets employ does tend, I think, to make poetry a kind of culture artificially fostered in a laboratory.

ENGLE: Let's have an example of what you mean.

LEWIS: Well, that poem of Dylan Thomas, for example:

POEM IN OCTOBER

Especially when the October wind
With frosty fingers punishes my hair,
Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire
And cast a shadow crab upon the land,
By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds,
Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks,
My busy heart who shudders as she talks
Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

ENGLE: What about the other group—the group to which you yourself belong, I suppose?

LEWIS: Yes, the other trend in modern poetry is very different. Those poets who illustrate it—Auden, Stephen Spender, R. E. Warner, Michael Roberts, myself I suppose—set out to express life—to be spokesmen of the life of a great diversity of people. To achieve this we must be popular—be able to communicate. I believe the criticism of obscurity applies more to the first group than to the second. My answer to the criticism is this: people are beginning to understand us very much better than they did.

ENGLE: Which, of course, is begging the question.

LEWIS: My second defence is a more complicated one. Traditional English poetry has two meanings: a superficial meaning—which appeals to the intelligence and could be translated into prose; and a poetic meaning—that must be the core of every good poem; it is the part of the poem which appeals to the emotions and cannot be expressed in any other way than in poetry. In the poetry of Tennyson, for example, there is an obvious superficial meaning, and readers were often deceived by this into thinking that they could appreciate the poetic meaning.

*Stephen Spender

†Paul Engle. Unpublished MS

For the Victorians, the easy superficial meaning was the bait which led them on to swallowing the inner poetic meaning. The bait that we modern poets offer is the images and metaphors drawn from contemporary life and the excitement of new verbal patterns and new rhythms. We hope that this firework display will attract the reader and persuade him to enter into the inner poetic meaning.

ENGLE: Your explanation seems to fit in with the criticism one often hears, that you deliberately put obstacles in the way of your readers.

LEWIS: I agree that the early poems of many of our young writers contain highly allusive references to people and affairs in their own small circle. In their later poems they seem to have eliminated these difficulties, and to choose references which have a wider appeal.

Strange ways the dead break through. Not the Last Post
Brings them, nor clanging midnight: for then is the inner
Heart reinforced against assault and sap.
On break-up day or at the cricket-club dinner
Between a word and a word they find the gap,
And we know what we have lost.
Sorrow is natural thirst: we are not weaned
At once. Though long withdrawn the sickening blade,
Deeply we remember loss of blood
And the new skin glosses over an active wound.

Remember that winter morning—no maroon
Warned of a raid; death granted no farewell speech,
Acted without prologue, was a bell and a line
Speaking from far of one no more within reach.
Blood ran out of me. I was alone.
How suddenly, how soon,
In a moment, while I was looking the other way,
You hid yourself where I could never find you—
Too dark the shadows earth sheeted round you.
So we went home: that was the close of play.*

ENGLE: I suppose it's the unpopularity of poetry today which drives young poets to narrow the field of their allusions.

LEWIS: Yes: it throws the poet inwards upon himself.

ENGLE: But, you know, the feeling that I've got about the work of many young poets in England is that they're looking at things from without and not from within. You give me the impression that you're going about looking at dirty houses and saying, 'How dreadful that people must live in dirty houses'. With American poets, it's different. We live in dirty houses—metaphorically, of course, I mean. We're looking at them from within, not from without. I believe it's this sense of isolation (and unpopularity) which is partly responsible for the interest of young English poets in politics. It must be an attempt to put yourselves in touch with actual living.

LEWIS: Our critics call it a poetical fashion—a pose.

ENGLE: I don't do that. I'm sure your interest in politics is no literary fashion. I believe it springs from a genuine realisation that society today is out of joint, that social conditions need changing. There's no doubt that world chaos has given a stimulus to young poets. I can see that the depression in England has hit everybody hard.

LEWIS: Yes. The depression was the stimulus for much modern poetry of the kind you've been describing. I know that in America the same occurred.

ENGLE: Yes, but it took us some time to realise that there was a depression. But now I think it's true to say the popular artistic conscience has been much stirred by our troubles. You see that on the stage very prominently. It's reflected in the popular songs and tunes—and don't forget that our jazz songs are really poems. Quite a number are of a high order. They really are folk songs.

LEWIS: Yes, I know. They are appreciated almost as much here as they are in your own country.

ENGLE: Our attitude is very different from nineteenth-century poets. They lived in an era of transition and stress, but they turned their backs on it, many of them. Browning went to Italy and turned his eyes on blue skies. He averted them from bad factories and evil working conditions. Tennyson wrote about Arthur and his Knights. He escaped from his environment or, at any rate, only saw one side of it—the side which appealed to him. But we turn our faces deliberately towards the realities of the social situation. If there is ugliness, we must write about ugliness: if changes are to come, we must write about them.

LEWIS: Yes. We've noticed that. But we see in the work of modern American poets a peculiarly national quality: an almost jubilant discovery of America as a nation.

ENGLE: There is a strong national feeling in American poetry today. It's no wild-eyed patriotism—it's the discovery that

America is a permanent place in which one lives—not a moving succession of frontiers. It is finding out that one has a home in the earth. It is a recurrence of that most ancient of human feelings—the sense of belonging to and coming from one definite portion of land and trees and fields. It's in great contrast with Europe. You know our poet Stephen Vincent Benet. He perhaps more than any other poet today feels and understands this spirit of a self-conscious America. He has written of it in the prologue of his narrative poem 'John Brown's Body':

American Muse whose strong and diverse heart
So many men have tried to understand,
But only made you smaller with our art
Because you are as various as your land,
As mountainous deep, as flowered with blue rivers,
Thirsty with deserts, buried under snows,
As native as the shape of Navajo quivers,
And native too as the sea-voyaged rose.

I believe that the impulse which made Stephen Vincent Benet write 'John Brown's Body' is very similar to the impulse your poets had in Elizabethan times—a restlessness, a nervousness, pent-up energy. It's the impulse that makes the entire American nation get out every summer in its old Ford and roam the roads of the country.

LEWIS: Hmm! There may be certain similarities—a crude energy, a sense of being new-born in a new world. But our Elizabethan poetry got its freshness and confidence mainly from the unity and homogeneity of the English nation at that time. We were a small compact society, united through political isolation and the menace of Spain. For the first time in history, too, we were an important factor in European affairs. All this gave our writers a feeling of power and confidence, and of being in close communication with the heart of the people.

ENGLE: There's another striking similarity which just occurs to me. Your Elizabethan poetry and drama was for the whole nation, was understood by the nation, and was appreciated by the nation. There's something the same situation in America today. I believe there's a much more general interest in poetry in America than there is in England. In America our City Libraries contain far more poetry than yours. It's hard to find a library over there, even in a rather small city, or in some remote part of the country, that does not have at least a few books of the most recent poetry, and the sales of books of verse in America are much higher than over here, and sometimes you get a book of poetry which sells enormously—into thousands. Poets have an audience outside the purely literary world, and then there's far more public recognition of poetry in America. There are Guggenheim Scholarships for travel abroad. There's an annual Pulitzer Prize of 1,000 dollars for a book of verse published during the year. And recently I've seen an announcement of several new grants of 5,000 dollars (or, in your lingo, £1,000) to be given annually to American poets. I'm very conscious over here of a great apathy towards poetry. It's lamentable, for poetry has been your noblest achievement.

LEWIS: All you say is true. Poetry over here has become a plaything for the professors—one of the toys of second childhood. And somehow it has got associated also with adolescence—a kind of phase you grow through, like calf-love or religious mania: a phase that with luck you are immune from for the rest of your life. But, tell me, why do you think it is that the American poetry-reading public is so much larger than ours?

ENGLE: A typically American reason—half fanatic zeal to be thought cultured, and half an honest energetic interest in the movement of things. And, as I've said, it's partly this new sense of American nationality. It's been important for the poet though, it gives us the feeling of writing for an entire people. It gives the poet once again the feeling that he is speaking for the community to the community. It's popularised poetry. That's all to the good, don't you think?

LEWIS: But the unpopularity of poetry—in England, at any rate—has deep-seated causes. I'm sure, if poetry is to be anything more than a kind of culture artificially fostered in a laboratory, it must get rooted again in the life of the people. It must become necessary to the people, in the same sort of way that an annual holiday in the country is necessary to town-dwellers. If poetry is to become popular and poets valued in society, the present environment must be changed; it is not at present one in which poetry can flourish. The achievement of a better state of society, the achievement of a freer, nobler environment, is as much the business of a poet as of the politician. Don't you agree?

ENGLE: Sure!

May 16 ★ ROYAL LETTERS SERIES

The Letters of QUEEN ANNE

edited by

Beatrice Curtis Brown

Anne reveals herself as woman,
diplomat, and queen.

464 pages 10/6 net

★ Previous volumes: THE LETTERS
OF KING CHARLES II edited by Arthur
Bryant, and THE LETTERS OF KING
CHARLES I edited by Sir Charles Petrie.

**J. A.
SPENDER**

The Changing East

Cloth, 3/6 net. Leather, 5/- net
Pocket Edition

**WILLIAM
ROUGHEAD**

Knaves' Looking Glass

'his humorous irony and his relentless accuracy
gives his books their very expressive quality.'
—HUGH WALPOLE.

10/6 net

The Book Society's First Recommendation

STRANGER? Then buy
**LET'S LOOK
AT LONDON**

by Clarence Winchester

A most gay and informative guide about town.

Illustrated 3/6 net

Q. PATRICK
Darker Grows the Valley

A 'Jack the Ripper' terrorises a peaceful valley,
claiming both animals and human beings as
victims.

7/6 net

CASSELL

The Freedom of BRITAIN

Its Highways and Byways—
its manifold beauties—its his-
toric splendours. Its tiny ham-
lets—its ancient towns—its hills and
dales—its lakes and fells. These
delights await you when selecting one
of

COOK'S MOTOR TOURS

Just sink into your easy chair, relax thorough-
ly, enjoy every moment of the day without
effort, without care. Nothing to plan, nothing
to arrange. A complete change, a complete
rest, and withal complete freedom—such
will be your holiday—long to be remem-
bered.

Luxurious coaches, first-class hotels,
competent Guide-Couriers. Inclusive
prices. Complete the Coupon NOW
and secure your free copy of the
illustrated programme "Motor
Tours in Great Britain and
Ireland."

HERE ARE TWO SUGGESTIONS—

Scottish Highlands, English
Lakes, and East Coast Cathedrals
—a 14 days' tour for 28½ gns, accom-
panied throughout by a Guide-Courier.

Land's End, Devon and Cornwall, New
Forest, Thomas Hardy country, Wells
and Cheddar Gorge—7 days, for 13½
gns. accompanied throughout by a
Guide-Courier. Departures Weekly

Remember, Britain is at its best in early Summer

THOS. COOK & SON LTD.

HEAD OFFICE: BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1

COUPON Please forward free and post paid your
M.T. 5 "MOTOR TOURS PROGRAMME."

NAME _____

BLOCK CAPITALS

ADDRESS _____



**"The Old Equitable was founded
"in 1762 and has taught
"life assurance to the world."**

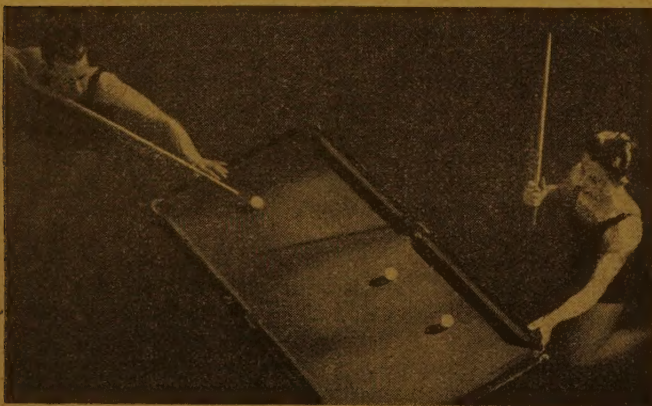
It has no shareholders, pays no commission, and thus provides unusual benefits for its members. It transacts any class of life assurance or annuity business.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

(founded 1762)

19 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2.

Photo by courtesy of "Weekly Illustrated."



The **radio-activity** of **Droitwich brine** makes the "cure" a pleasant holiday as well as a treatment for the relief of **rheumatism**. This picture testifies to the brine's amazing buoyancy. Patients requiring massage or electrical treatment will find skilled attendance at the Brine Baths, where charges are extremely moderate. Special clinical facilities are available for patients of strictly limited means. There is always something amusing to do at Droitwich. Visitors can play golf or tennis, attend concerts and such entertainments as please them best. Write for full particulars to the Superintendent No. 45, **The Brine Baths, Droitwich Spa, Worcs.**

VILLAGE ENGLAND

BY SIR WILLIAM
BEACH THOMAS

*Author of
"The Yeoman's England"*

With 16 illustrations. 8/6 net.

Gardening

HOW WE MADE OUR GARDEN

By A. T. HARRISON, A.H.R.H.S. illus. 5/- net.

Religion

CHRIST THE VICTORIOUS

By GEOFFREY ALLEN. 5/- net.

"Anyone who reads one chapter a day prayerfully and thoughtfully will, after the fortnight it would take him to get through it, be much richer in soul and clearer in mind."
—Rev. J. E. Rattenbury, D.D.



ALEXANDER MacLEHOSE,
58 Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C.1



Forty Years of Change

The New Survey of London Life and Labour
Volume One

This initial volume of the Survey is of particular interest at the present moment for it forms, complete in itself, an authentic and detailed account of the many changes in London Life during the past forty years.

The first edition was soon exhausted and, in response to many requests, we have recently issued a new impression. The *Manchester Guardian* aptly summed up the appeal of the book in these words: "Sir Hubert Llewellyn Smith, the Director of the Survey, and his colleagues are to be congratulated on a volume which, it is not too much to say, illuminates almost every phase of the social history of the last generation, and has a bearing on most current controversies."

"Forty Years of Change" consists of 438 pages, with Portrait, 7 Maps, Charts and Diagram, bound in buckram, price 17s. 6d.

P. S. King & Son, Ltd.
Westminster

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Militarism and Fascism in Japan. By O. Tanin and E. Yohan. Martin Lawrence. 8s. 6d.

IN THAT THE INTRODUCTION to this book is written by Karl Radek, while the authors themselves are described on the paper jacket as 'noted Soviet orientalist', the intending reader may perhaps be pardoned if he expects to find the contents highly spiced with prejudice and interlarded with invective. If so, his expectations will not be fulfilled. There is, it is true, little love or sympathy shown towards the Japanese in these pages and there is a fair sprinkling of the stock words and phrases beloved by the disciples of Lenin and Marx; but, generally speaking, the book is remarkably restrained in tone throughout and, without necessarily agreeing with all the conclusions drawn, it is but fair to say that, taken by and large, the authors have succeeded very creditably in their task of presenting an objective study.

Apart from a few apparent misprints of minor importance and the regrettably lavish use of words like 'activize', 'activation', 'concretize', and 'organizationally', the only serious criticism to be offered is the tendency to take for granted that the eventual outbreak of revolution in Japan is a foregone conclusion and that the chauvinists and ruling classes are definitely preparing for a war of aggression, partly in order to try and stave off this threatened outburst and partly out of sheer love of conquest. That Japan is faced with a serious problem of social unrest and dissatisfaction with existing conditions is beyond dispute, and the chief value of this book lies in its careful exposition of the economic and political background to this present unrest. Equally true is it that the leaders of the old chauvinist and super-patriotic organisations, such as the notorious Black Dragon Society and the *Genyosha* about which the authors have much to say, have played an important part during the past few years in diverting the growing unrest into new channels. But to take it so much for granted that revolution is inevitable and that a war of aggression is being definitely planned by the General Staff is to overlook a number of factors which are conveniently ignored in these pages.

To those, however, who would seek to understand the growth and general direction of the reactionary movement in Japan since the outbreak of the Manchurian trouble in September, 1931 (Radek and the two authors differ as to whether this movement should properly be described as 'fascist'), this book should prove invaluable. The detailed descriptions given of the strange intermingling of monarchical fervour, anti-capitalism, Pan-Asianism, political corruption and intrigue, terrorism, and feudal mentality will not, of course, be wholly new to those who have themselves been able to study the question at first-hand; but to most readers it will probably come as something of a revelation. Karl Radek appears well justified in asserting, in his introduction, that no book wholly devoted to this subject has appeared hitherto, though magazine and newspaper articles have dealt with it to some extent.

John Gully and His Times

By Bernard Darwin. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

Among the new members returned to Parliament at the end of 1832, after the first general election held under the great Reform Act, was John Gully, sitting for Pontefract in Yorkshire. Gully belonged to the tribe of self-made men so numerous in the first half of the nineteenth century, the tribe to which Crockford the gambler and Hudson the Railway King belonged—men who had done dubious things in the course of fashioning a career and amassing a fortune. Gully shouldered his way to the front through a particularly unsavoury crowd of prize-fighters, jockeys, horse-racers, trainers and gamblers, and it would be surprising if there were not episodes in his progress that do him little credit. Still, he had cleaner hands than most. He began life as a butcher's son, became acquainted with Henry Pearce, the 'Game Chicken', against whom he entered the Ring for the first time in October, 1803, extorting, in spite of defeat, a compliment from his foe that 'he must be a sharp chap and get up early in the morning as beats John Gully'. Yet Gully fought only three fights in all, the other two being against Bob Gregson of Lancashire, by defeating whom he became for a time champion. He then retired from active fighting, and took to backing and seconding other fighters. This period of Gully's career gives Mr. Darwin his chance to describe some of the

most notorious and exciting episodes of the ring, such as the fights between Cribb and Molineaux, whose defeat was compassed by means creditable as well as discreditable—Cribb was put through ruthless 'training' that reduced his weight a stone and a half in five weeks! In the meantime Gully was making his way in horse-racing, where he eventually made his fortune by backing horses. But not without violent ups and downs. His first big disaster was buying and backing Mameluke for the St. Leger in 1827, over which he lost £40,000. But five years later, in the year he entered Parliament, he won both the Derby and the St. Leger. His racing career brought him into contact with many picturesque and eccentric figures, such as Squire Osbaldeston, whom he assisted to win a bet that he would ride 200 miles in under nine hours; also with numerous rascals, some of whom (but not many) cheated him. Horse-racing, like boxing, was in those days honeycombed with fraud. But one of Gully's closest friends was Lord George Bentinck, who like him was a hard bargainer, and who contributed much to purifying the turf of its worst abuses. Gully's career is so full of interesting episodes that it is strange to find that his personality throughout remains somewhat elusive. Mr. Darwin, encyclopædic in his knowledge of the period, brings him as near to life as he will ever now be brought—a stubborn, shrewd 'rough diamond' who was no hero, but was a representative man of his day in the world of sport.

British Scientists of the Nineteenth Century

By J. G. Crowther. Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.

Ever since the dawn of the present scientific era science has been playing an increasingly important part in transforming the world. The last century in particular was one of spectacular advance. It saw not only the rapid development of industry through the application of scientific methods, but also generous increases in the endowment of science, a great extension of scientific education, and the foundation of national laboratories and research institutes. The course of the development of science itself was materially influenced by social factors, especially by the needs of industry. The sciences which promised the greatest direct contribution to the prosperity of industry—the physical and chemical sciences—were the most richly endowed and received the greatest encouragement, while the biological, sociological and psychological sciences, which could offer no such immediate promise, were much less generously encouraged. Unfortunately, most historians of science have been reluctant to recognise the enormous influence that social forces have had on the development of science and have retained the academic belief that new scientific knowledge arises primarily from motives similar to their own conscious motives; from a disinterested search for truth. As a result they have written as though scientific knowledge originated entirely in minds completely detached from mundane affairs and concerned only with the pursuit of truth for its own sake. Such a picture of the development of science is of course completely wrong. The progress of science depends upon the work of men who are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, whose characters, interests and ambitions are shaped by the same influences, and who, like us, are dependent upon the opportunities and encouragements which the conditions of the times offer. No history of science which does not recognise this can provide any satisfactory account of its development. Fortunately some of the younger writers on the history of science are coming to recognise this, and among the books which have appeared showing a more rational attitude towards the development of science Mr. J. G. Crowther's *British Scientists of the Nineteenth Century* is an excellent example. In his book Mr. Crowther discusses the personalities and achievements of five of the great scientists of the last century: Davy, Faraday, Joule, Kelvin and Maxwell. He shows how their characters were moulded by their early upbringing, and how their work was influenced by the variety of influences to which they were subject during the course of their careers. He assesses very fairly the extent to which the desire to contribute to the advancement of knowledge for its own sake acted as an incentive to their work, but at the same time he does not overlook the strength of the incentive provided by the prospect of wealth and prestige that comes with the solution of practical problems—such problems as arise in connection with engineering, mining, chemical manufacture, and the improve-

ment of transport and communications. In the lives of Sir Humphrey Davy and Lord Kelvin these incentives became of primary importance.

Though Mr. Crowther is concerned with the lives and achievements of particular scientists of the nineteenth century rather than with the general trend of development of science during the period, he makes it abundantly clear that a study of social conditions of the century goes a long way towards providing an explanation of why this took place as it did. He realises however that such a study can, at most, only provide a partial explanation of the careers of individual men. Explanation consists in showing how the thing to be explained is an example of an already recognised principle, and in discussing individual personalities with their unique make-up, influenced by unique combinations of circumstances, the historian must recognise that a good deal of what he has to describe he cannot hope to explain. He must in fact recognise 'accident' as playing its role in shaping personality. The sociological historian may very justifiably claim that if Faraday had never been born, the discovery of electro-magnetic induction would not have been long delayed as there were many workers, of lesser ability no doubt, vigorously tackling the problem. He cannot however do more than speculate on the question of whether Faraday would have made his immense contributions to science if Humphrey Davy had not responded so generously to the youthful letter from the obscure book-binder's assistant and given him an opportunity for developing his scientific genius. Yet it is just accidents of this kind that play an immensely important part in shaping the lives of individual men.

Mr. Crowther's book is packed with stimulating ideas and should be read by everyone who wishes for an enlightened view of the development of science in the last century. He adopts a thoroughly human attitude towards the men about whom he writes and while keeping his eyes open to their weaknesses, offers generous tribute to their greatness. The book makes fascinating reading.

Studies in Anglo-French History. Edited by Alfred Coville and Harold Temperley. C.U.P. 8s. 6d.

This volume of studies, with introductions in French and English by the editors, makes an important contribution to Anglo-French history. Each of the eleven essays is complete in itself, and on a subject which has a general as well as a technical interest. Each scholar who has contributed to the volume has treated his subject in his own way, but an underlying unity, a freshness and lucidity, distinguish the book as a whole. The papers were read and discussed at two informal meetings of English and French historians. The first meeting was held in London, in 1933; the second a year later in Paris. The meetings were international; but they had nothing of that insipid cosmopolitanism which sometimes takes the life out of such gatherings.

In a period of exaggerated national susceptibilities, it is pleasant to watch English and French historians discussing, objectively and with rigorous scientific standards, questions which belong not merely to recent history but to recent political controversy. Thus M. Paul Mantoux, in 'The Début of M. Paul Cambon in England', 1899-1903, described the end of the Fashoda crisis, a crisis within the memory of most of M. Mantoux' listeners, when Great Britain mobilised in the English Channel a flying squadron against France. M. Renouvin's paper on 'The part played in International Relations by the Conversations between the General Staffs on the Eve of the World War' dealt with a problem even more recent, and, moreover, a matter touching, in Professor Temperley's words, 'on national honour and good faith'. Most of the papers on earlier periods covered questions which raised controversy enough in their time. Professor Webster described Lord Palmerston at work in the Foreign Office: '*ce terrible Lord Palmerston*', whom Louis Philippe, King of the French, once called '*l'ennemi de ma maison*'.

It is difficult to single out any one of these essays for particular discussion. As an example of one of many ideas suggested by a short paper one might take the last sentences in M. Halévy's study of English public opinion and the French Revolutions of the nineteenth century. 'English feeling as to the three successive revolutions in France was, in 1830, sympathy; in 1848, conscious hostility; in 1870, total indifference. The evolution of public opinion in this respect may be said to have obeyed a law of increasing insularity'. One could very well write a book on this subject. Was there 'a law of increasing insularity', culminating in the apparent 'splendid isolation' of the last Victorian decade? Or was this 'increasing insularity' merely a return to an earlier

tradition, a desire for an 'isolation' which the inhabitants of these islands have never attained? Indifference to the French revolution of 1870 might be explained by the view that the latest Parisian revolution, unlike its predecessors, had little 'general' significance. Sympathy for Napoleon III at the end of the Franco-Prussian War may have been due, not to any fear of Prussia, but to the discovery that British opinion had been hoodwinked by Bismarck at the outbreak of the war. But it may be that M. Halévy is using 'increasing insularity' as a polite euphemism for 'increasing ignorance'.

The Lost Language of London. By Harold Bayley Cape. 10s. 6d.

The basis of this book is an inquiry into the legends of King Cole of Colchester and his daughter Saint Helena, who, as the author puts it, 'inventa or found' the true cross. In the course of the investigation we dart from Nehalennia, the Celtic goddess, to horsemeat, from Culdee to cauliflower, from Sanskrit to the East Anglian dialect. The reader will find here almost any words from any language which may be forcibly connected with Cole because they contain the sounds *k* and *l*, or *g* and *l* ('*k* and *g* are almost invariably interchangeable'—where, when, and by whom?) or which may be connected with Helen because they contain *l* and *n*, or *l* and *m* ('in view of the frequent interchange between *m* and *n*'). Claines near Worcester was written Cleinesse in 1100. Clein equals Colen, ess equals house, so that Cleinesse 'resolves it may be into Coles (*sic*) house' (page 83). Keridwen is a British goddess, the Turkish form of Crete is Kirit, so that 'whenever scholars succeed in deciphering the Cretan inscriptions it will, I think, transpire that there was some connection between Keridwen and Crete' (page 184). After all this it is surprising to find that the author is unable to explain the first portion of Tascianova.

In the field of folklore the fancy may perhaps legitimately be allowed a little more rein; but here the gallop is so fast and so meandering that it cannot be followed with pleasure. After being invited to connect King Cole with Saint Clement, Saint Nicholas, the Pied Piper, Coldharbours, the Culdees, Time past, present and to come, we find ourselves unconvinced both of the reality of the connections and of their value if real. This lack of conviction is due to style as well as matter and method. On page 27 'I' and 'one' are used in the same sentence; on page 43 Elen the fair sits 'lone and alone'; the word 'connoted' is used throughout as if it meant 'connected'; on page 128 'without seemingly pushing' is unfortunate, and 'by culture-deep overland' (page 37) incomprehensible. There is a good index.

Pillars of the English Church. Mowbray. 4s. 6d.

The publishers of this book are to be congratulated on an attractive volume produced at a low price. It would be easier to discourage the reader by over-praising it than by criticism. The precision, and the exactness of length, required for a broadcast talk result sometimes in either an over-stuffed essay or an ill-proportioned or truncated biography; but here are essays whose chief quality, after their style, is their good balance. The book consists of an introductory essay by Canon Deane, and four sections—Scribes, Rulers, Prophets and Parish Priests: one by the author of the introduction, one by Dr. S. C. Carpenter, one by Professor C. E. Raven, and the fourth by Prebendary (now Canon) Mackay; each deals with four 'Pillars', though it is more as 'Builders' than as 'Pillars' that they strike us. There is a good mixture of the better and less known figures—Ken preferred to Laud, and Church to Pusey or Keble. Of the authors, Prebendary Mackay and Canon Deane are the most attractive: the former's short sentences are masterpieces; no word is wasted, yet he is never in a hurry. The repose of death described at the end of each essay strikes the appropriate peaceful note. Canon Deane's experience at St. George's, Windsor, has shown him how starved of ecclesiastical and surfeited with secular history most of us are, and no one could be better than he at showing how 'Church history without tears' should be written. If only we had learnt our secular history like this, as the history first of persons and second of things, how much more palatable it would have been. We are thus allowed to think of 'Holy Living and Holy Dying' without being too conscious of the Civil Wars, and there is no thunder of Trafalgar or Austerlitz heard behind the stirring of Crabbe's social conscience. If there is a touch of the encyclopædia about Dr. Carpenter and Professor Raven, it is because in the number of words allowed justice could hardly otherwise be done to men like Frederick Temple and Thomas Arnold, whose lives were spent in such close contact with the many problems of their times.